

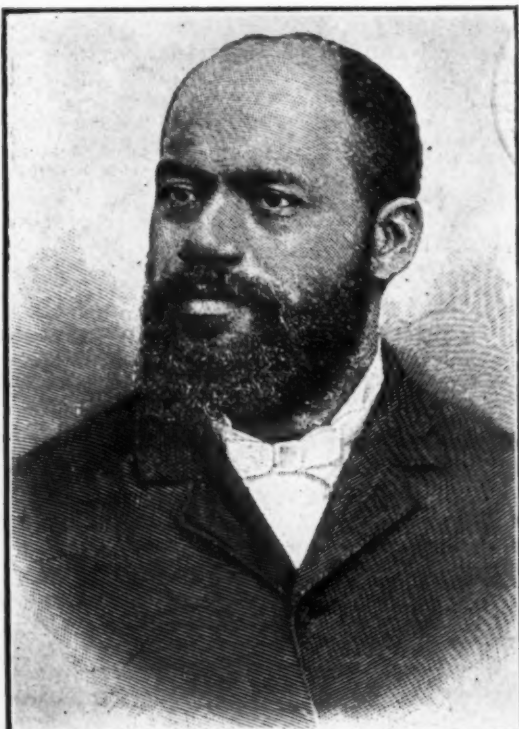
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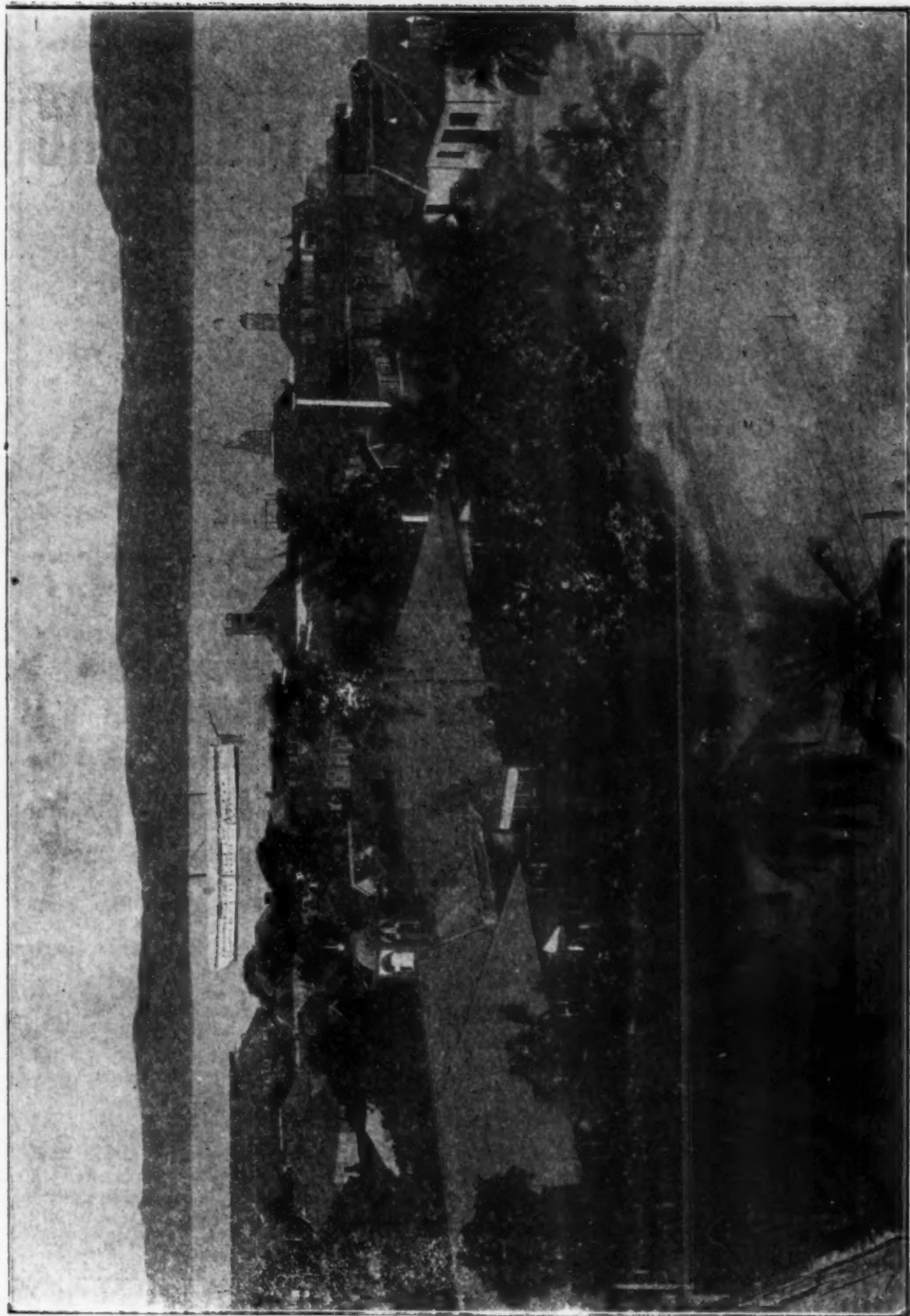
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VOL. VII.

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NO. 7

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD

### "THE YELLOW PERIL"

**A** VERY remarkable thing has happened in the progress of the war between Russia and Japan, in the Far East, which has rivetted the attention of mankind to a greater degree than did a phase of the same thing in the war between Great Britain and the two Dutch Republics of South Africa; Japan, a country with one-third the population of Russia and nothing whatever of its prestige as a war-like or commercial power, in the very commencement of the war, assumed the aggressive, and by display of the very highest genius in naval warfare, so crippled the Russian naval force in the East as to neutralize its offensive quality, putting it practically on the defensive, and leaving the Japanese a free hand in landing soldiers, supplies and munitions in the war zone; and in the land campaign, where it was confidently expected that the Russians would have matters entirely their way, the reverse has been true, the Japanese maintaining as complete mastery of the operations as they had in the opening of the war on the high seas.

The mastery of the science of war, in the naval and military departments, dis-

played by the Japanese, has not only astounded and confounded Russians,—who have been dissillusioned in the vanity of their prowess and pride of race and affected seriously in their standing as a great power,—but it has been a revelation to the Powers of Europe and America, such as they have not had before in modern times; the Asiatics being generally regarded by modern peoples as without physical or intellectual force to cope with Europeans and Americans in any of the requirements of modern civilization, and especially in the science of warfare, the genius of mankind having from the earliest times expended its best efforts in devising instruments of destruction. Longfellow has expressed this sad sentiment, in "The Arsenal at Springfield," in the following pathetic lines:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error  
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

### Asiatics Held in Contempt

The Asiatics have been regarded as people worthy only of contempt, to be robbed at will at the point of the sword, their lands divided at the pleasure of the Powers in interest, their people despoiled of their labor without redress; this con-



dition being made possible, especially in the case of India and China, by the venality and effeminacy of their rulers.

The prowess which had characterized the Asiatic people when those of Europe were still savages was overlooked; the Greek ascendancy having passed to the Roman Empire, and its wealth of law and literature and arts was yet unscattered by Goth and Visi-Goth and Hun to become the bases of modern learning and progress, making us, as Ralph Waldo Emerson puts it, "the heirs of all the ages." It was not suspected anywhere that the Asiatic worm, so long trod upon by Europe, would or could turn. It was placed in the same category with the African worm, which had antedated in erudition and commerce and military prowess the Grecian and Roman ascendancy. But all this had been forgotten by the Europeans of modern times. Forgotten? No; ignored, looked upon as a closed chapter in human potentiality, with no possibility of recrudescence! Plausibility was given to this view of the matter by the easy conquest of Asiatic States by European Powers and the apparent docility with which the subjugated people allowed themselves to be governed.

There were reasons why the European Powers were anxious that there should be no war between Russia and Japan. There was general fear, however, that Russian encroachments in the Far East menaced such integrity of China as remained after the English, French, German and Russian appropriation of Chinese territory. It was felt that the Russian advance should be checked, but none of the European Powers was free to take the initiative, and none of them felt that Japan was equal to the task of doing it;

the feeling being that in the event of war the whole of Europe might become involved, the United States, by reason of its interests in the Philippine Islands being equally liable to embroilment. World-wide war is an eventuality which the world does not desire and cannot regard with equanimity; war between two or more States from which the non-combatting States may secure some advantage in territory or trade privileges being a different affair.

#### Japanese Preparedness

The success of Japan in worsting from the beginning of the war, the Russians, in the sea and land operations, and in holding them in check, with the probability of having all of the advantage at the close of the first campaign, has come as a shock to Russia and the Powers in sympathy with her, and as a surprise to the friends of Japan; but Japan has not been surprised. After being robbed of the fruits of her war with China, to the advantage of Russia, the Japanese began at once to prepare for the war now pending. Every energy of the people was devoted to the preparation. The schools of the Empire, from the primary grade of the common schools to the Imperial College, at Tokio, were devoted primarily to the task of making good soldiers, while large numbers of promising young men were sent to foreign military and naval schools. The writer will never forget the impression made upon him, in May, of last year, at Moji, back of Nagasaki, when the principal of a small school, upon request, put the pupils through the military drill; at the end of which, upon request, the whole school, one of the teachers manipulating the small organ, sang the Imperial anthem

with such zeal and harmonious effect as to disclose the deepest national spirit and aspiration.

#### **Japan Has Set the World Thinking**

Animated by such intelligence and persistency and loyalty, for a decade at least, it is small wonder that the Japanese were prepared for the war when the policy of Russia forced it upon them, after they had exhausted all of the diplomatic expedients to maintain peaceful relations. The Japanese awakening from proverbial Oriental cowardice, incompetency and subserviency, such as still characterize the attitude of the people of China and East India towards Europeans, has led to widespread discussion of "The Yellow Peril"—the fear being freely entertained that the eventual success of Japan would arouse all of the Asiatic people from the profound sleep of centuries and inspire them with the hope of ultimately throwing off the oppressive yoke Europe has imposed upon them. Whether this fear has any basis in eventual fact or not is of less importance at this stage of the war than the fact that Japan has started Asia, Europe, Africa and America to thinking on original lines as to the future status of mankind in their ethnic as well as geographical divisions. The fiction that the white race in contact with an off-color race must always dominate, has been exploded and none too soon.

#### **HOMICIDAL MANIA IN THE SOUTHERN STATES**

THE extent to which homicidal mania has become a part of the social organism of the Southern States, as a direct result of disregard of law and lawful authority, brought about by the sys-

tematic effort to "keep the Negro in his place" as a social mudsill, is ignored generally by the people of the country at large, who have, apparently, reached the conclusion that the barbarous conditions existing in the Southern States and the practices outgrowing from them are no concern of theirs. They prefer to express their righteous indignation on Siberian exiles, Bulgarian atrocities, Kishineff massacres, and kindred social disorders in foreign States, rather than on the disorders at their door, which the Scriptures enjoin to be their first concern. But there is plenty of evidence, scant and fugitive withal, in the newspaper dispatches, to show that a condition of lawlessness prevails in the Southern States, with a daily record of homicides, such as can be matched in the annals of no other civilized country, and that it receives less notice and reprobation from the people of the country than it gives to the disorders of like character in foreign states. This has been true for so long a time, to the scandal and reproach of the Republic, that the mania has steadily been extended to all parts of the country, the disorders in Colorado being only symptomatic, the same as the mob-fury recently displayed at Springfield, Ohio. The homicidal mania has spread from the south since the Kluklux excesses, beginning in 1867, so that now it no longer remains in the individual alone but has got possession of the mob, which only requires an ordinary provocation to burst into fury, and to put at defiance all lawful restraints upon the savage instincts remaining in our weak natures.

Having spread the mania broadcast over the Republic, it is but natural that

southern thinkers should ceaselessly point to the general prevalence of the mania as a palliation, if not a sufficient excuse, for their own affliction, with never a hint of their responsibility for the existence of the evil. In the discussion of the subject, which is becoming a feature of the daily and periodical press, as the menacing character of it makes necessary, it is surprising that the southern States are not constantly held up for reprobation as the originators of the present reign of disorders in all parts of the country, especially in its mobocratic form. But the evil is upon the Nation, and toleration of it is no longer possible in any section of the country, as men eminent in church and State have begun to point out.

#### Louisiana as an Example

Take Louisiana as an example of the prevalence of the homicidal mania. Attorney-General Guion, of that State, upon the request of Governor Blanchard that he prepare a bill for submission to the legislature that will have the effect of suppressing lynching, in a report on the subject, gives the following statistics of trials for murder and manslaughter, for the past two years, in Louisiana:

Murder trials and convictions.....	129
Murder trials and acquittals .....	140
Murder trials pending .....	101
Manslaughter trials and convictions....	148
Manslaughter trials and acquittals....	131
Manslaughter trials pending.....	31
Total.....	680

Commenting on this remarkable condition of affairs, the New Orleans correspondent of the NEW YORK SUN says:

"In the matter of convictions and acquittals, there seems to be a difference in the several parishes. The country

juries are apparently sterner than those in New Orleans.

"There were 23 acquittals of murder in the city, as against only 5 convictions, and 56 acquittals in manslaughter cases, against 15 convictions. This is a marked contrast with Natchitoches parish, where in 17 murder trials there were 15 convictions, three times as many as in New Orleans, the population of which is over ten times as great.

"Of the 129 murderers convicted there are a larger number under sentence of death than ever before. Louisiana juries, however, still continue tender hearted, and the death penalty is rarely ordered."

This report was hardly in the hands of Governor Blanchard before the newspaper dispatches chronicled the following, dated at New Orleans, June 19:

"There are three more victims of the Crouch-Calhoun feud at Black River, Concordia parish, La. As the Crouch brothers, Isaac and Thomas, were stepping aboard the steamer at Crouch's Landing, Jesse Calhoun appeared on the river bank armed with a rifle. He fired only three shots. The first brought down a Negro, who was standing near the Crouches. The second and third shots were true, and both of the brothers were instantly killed with bullets through their brains. The Crouches were heavily armed, but were unable to draw before Calhoun fired on them.

"The shooting has been expected for some time. Thomas Crouch, one of the murdered men, had killed William Calhoun, a brother of the murderer, two months ago. He was tried for murder and convicted of manslaughter. A new trial was ordered and Crouch was



released. Calhoun then threatened if the law could not get his brother's murderer he would do so. There have been several minor shootings over the feud, which arose over a Negro laborer Calhoun had imported from Mississippi, but who deserted him and went to work for the Crouches."

Will Mr. Jesse Calhoun be tried, convicted and hung? He does not think so. The hanging of white men in the South is not considered "good form." Governor Blanchard is making a good effort to correct the evils that exist in his State, but he will find his task a hard one.

#### **Even Women are Murdered**

In other sections of the Republic it is regarded with horror that a woman guilty of a capital crime should be hanged or electrocuted, and strenuous efforts are invariably made to have the sentences of such unfortunates commuted to life imprisonment; but in the Southern States, they not only hang women legally when they are black and guilty of capital crime, but they often hang them by lynch-law rules and riddle them with bullets, when not guilty of any crime, as was recently the case in Mississippi. A woman, weighing 250 pounds, was swung up to a tree in Kentucky recently, and, when the rope broke as she dropped, she undertook to escape by running; the men composing the mob filled her back with bullets. She was accused of killing a white farmer, with a razor, because he had mistreated her son. The facts in this as in most cases of the kind happening in Southern States between blacks and whites, will hardly ever be known, as the jury will, as usual, report that the

woman came to her death at the hands of parties unknown. That such crimes as this, and hundreds like it, occurring all the time, can be perpetrated in this great Republic without provoking the wrath of the Nation, shows how low we have fallen in our disregard of human life and the orderly processes of the law. Of course, there will be a re-action. "Error cannot prevail when truth is left free to combat it."

#### **THE DRINK HABIT**

THE drink habit is becoming the curse of mankind everywhere, in our own country as well as in Europe, Asia and Africa, but especially in Great Britain and the United States. It is not too much to hope that the time will come when all alcoholic liquors will be treated by law as other poisons, and as are treated other social evils that destroy the vital force of mankind and undermine the moral stamina of States. That the intelligence of mankind will ultimately take this attitude against the unrestricted sale of alcoholic liquors of all kinds, is a reasonable expectation based in the law of self-preservation. The spread of the drink habit in the United States is the most positive menace to the moral and physical life of the people that exists. While all men fear it, the influence upon them is so strong that society seems powerless to deal with it as the deadly nature of it demands. It is a safe conclusion that crime and poverty would well nigh be banished from civilized States if the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, for other than medicinal purposes, was prohibited by universal law. The legalizing of the traffic now true, and the vile adultera-

tions countenanced, is a crime which society commits against itself, and which its self-interest will compel it not always to commit. We should have small hope for the future of mankind if compelled to accept a contrary opinion.

#### **The Curse of Great Britain**

As far as the drink habit is undermining the moral and physical life of the people of Great Britain is concerned, Margaret Polson Murray has the following to say about it in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW:

"The chief cause of our industrial decay, the real ghost in the cupboard, is, without any doubt whatever, our great national hobby, drunkenness—the one national and universal panacea for the ills of men and women, old and young, high and low, rich and poor.

"On this hobby our direct expenditure last year was 180 millions, about £25 per family (\$125), plus the cost in poor rates, homes, refuges, police, prisons, hospitals and asylums, for the devotees of the habit. But what is the cost to the country, from an industrial standpoint in brain and muscle, in the deadened mind, in the blunted intellect, the unsteady hand, the unreliability and unpunctuality of a habit invincibly established behind centuries of tradition, and winked at by employer as well as by employee?

"Men at the head of our large industries may drink if they will. No temperance crusade invades their sacred precincts. But in an industrial competition which is rapidly becoming an industrial warfare, this weak point in their armour is the first to reveal itself. Two generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves are already telling their tale. The middle classes, speaking industrially and not socially, follow the example with which they have become so familiar.

"The artisan, the backbone of the country, is in a plight still worse, for in addition to his general ignorance, his narrow horizon, his antiquated tools and methods, his unalterable conviction that he has nothing to learn, he must meet the brunt of his warfare handicapped by his intemperance.

"And worst of all, we are in very actual possession of twelve millions, about one in four of our population, who are in abject poverty, too incapable for anything, even for anarchy; men and women who stand around the streets of our large cities by the hundred thousand, bold, bloated, dissolute, black-eyed, sinful, dishonest, degraded, debauched, never sober except by accident, incapable of self-respect, and content to dwell in filth and rags indescribable.

"When a man spends childhood, youth and manhood in refining surroundings, we anticipate a certain result—the natural outgrowth of such conditions. When a man passes his entire life in an atmosphere more debasing than pen can portray we are surprised at the natural

outgrowth of the conditions. We expect a miracle, and in our chagrin we organize a rigorous crusade against the man—not against the conditions—and we maintain the crusade until we secure a philanthropic relief by sweeping the man up into a statistic and arranging him alphabetically in a blue-book for reference.

"In common with humanity this man has cravings. So have we all. I do not believe that these twelve millions crave for whiskey. They crave for something they do not possess. So do we all. But their hunger must be for something evil and ours for good.

"It may, instead, be for food, clothing, rest, warmth, three square meals a day, a warm sleep, a cozy fire, some human joy, the charm of a home, the true delight of work, the glory of independence, the full manhood of useful citizenship. Instead of an incubus, the man may be a commercial asset, and the thought is enough to haunt our philanthropy for the rest of its life."

The American people have not reached the point of degradation here described as true of the people of Great Britain, but they are approaching it with steady and long strides. This is patent enough to any one who will use his eyes, and without consulting the statistics of crime in its relation to the annual consumption of liquors.

#### **Drink Habit Among Afro-Americans**

The spread of the drink habit among the younger generation of the Afro-American people is especially noticeable and regrettable; not only among the poor, ignorant and vicious, but among the comparatively affluent, intelligent and law-abiding. In this latter element it takes on the social aspect, the most insidious and dangerous, and in social gatherings of a private or semi-public character it is becoming too common to notice that women who are considered to be of good repute are beginning to drink more or less of beer and wines. In most instances it is not difficult to predict the end of such women. And what is true of them is true in a larger sense of the men, especially the young men, who set them the example and too often lead them into the temptation. The supper,

banquet or reception of whatever sort, whether the company be composed of men or women, or both, from which all liquors should be excluded, would be the ideal one, from which only pleasant memories would be likely to follow. Our young women can do much to head off the drink habit among the young men, there is little hope for the old men who have been "tanking" from their youth up; and it is for their own future well-being that they exercise their decisive influence to this end.

We should have a National temperance association among Afro-Americans.

#### OUR LITERARY CULT

THE publication of four monthly magazines, three quarterly reviews, and more than a hundred weekly newspapers, by Afro-Americans for Afro-Americans, for the most part, is a fact of vast significance, when the history of the race in the United States is properly considered. At the close of the War of the Rebellion, thirty-nine years ago, a paper conducted by Frederick Douglass and one by Philip A. Bell were about the only two such published. There had been other newspapers in other years, ably edited, but short lived, because "the time was not ripe," and no periodical we have to-day has as brilliant a staff of contributors as the *ANGLO-AFRICAN* had. A complete file of that magazine will surprise the unknowing as to the intellectual force of the men and women whose contributions made it a power for good.

#### Dr. J. McCune Smith

And no writer we have since produced was more gifted by nature and acquired learning as a controversialist than Dr. J. McCune Smith. He was a champion of

Titantic proportions. But he had but a limited audience among his own people to whom to appeal. The race was enslaved for the most part and densely ignorant—made so by inexorable law and public opinion, which shut the book of knowledge in the face of the black man, and voted with substantial unanimity that he was incapable of receiving and assimilating knowledge. It would be interesting, indeed, if those people, or some of them, could re-visit the earth and see for themselves what fools prejudice can make of men, as the iconoclasm of time discloses it in the tireless processes of evolution. There will remain little of the best,—or the worst, as the case may be,—of what we regard as of vital moment in the life of to-day a half century hence. Of most that was bad in the conditions of slavery fifty years ago but little remains now, and this is rapidly being absorbed into what was best. Truly, "all things come to them that wait,"—and labor wisely while they wait.

#### We Have Thinkers of Our Own

The steady growth in the number and strength of our newspapers and magazines is a sure indication of the steady growth in moral, intellectual, and material growth of the ten million Afro-Americans, who have found it absolutely necessary to create a channel of news and opinion of their own. The general press of the country has steadily ignored, for the most part, this large element of the population, except to exploit its vices and weaknesses, and to ignore or ridicule its virtues and strength; and to what end is not plain to understand, as a like course of conduct towards slavery led to national convulsion, and history



repeats itself always, when mankind refuse to understand the handwriting on the wall. If they will not understand, if they will not heed the manifest warnings of destiny, they are chastised until they do.

The prevailing condition has produced a complement of writers to meet the requirements of the situation. The schools and colleges are ceaselessly sending out men and women prepared for the work of intelligently handling the ethical, economic, civic, literary, scientific and religious questions demanded by the enlarged and enlarging intelligence of the masses. The intellectual conflict for the just rights of the race under the law and for fair consideration by decent mankind will not be all in favor of the one side; we have, and shall continue to furnish strong men and women on our side. We already have a literary cult, some of whose representatives enjoy a National and international reputation,—Booker T. Washington, Paul Laurence Dunbar, W. E. Dubois, and Charles W. Chesnutt coming under the latter classification, southern men all; and they will compare favorably in moral force and literary work with the best southern white writers produced since the War. We also have hundreds of writers of less celebrity who are steadily working their way to the forefront in the most difficult, because the most exacting, department of human effort.

### LINCOLN AND ROOSEVELT

**I**N 1860, in the city of Chicago, the National Republican party, for the second time in its history, nominated candidates for the highest offices in the

gift of the American people. In the convention of 1856, the nominee, General John C. Fremont, was stronger than his party on the main question of human rights and the restriction of slavery to the territory then occupied by it. If this was true of John C. Fremont, in the campaign of 1856, it was so much truer of Abraham Lincoln, in the campaign of 1860, that the Slave South regarded his election as a challenge to war, and the shot upon Fort Sumpter, in Charleston harbor, which was heard around the globe, was the answer.

#### Theodore Roosevelt

Forty-four years after, in the city of Chicago, the party met again, and placed in nomination for the Presidency, Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, who, like Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, is regarded everywhere, and was so proclaimed by the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, the chairman of the Convention, as being "stronger than his party;" and this declaration by the old veteran is both an arraignment and condemnation of the Republican party, which has so far departed from its history and traditions upon the question of human rights, that it had no room in the platform adopted by it to arraign and denounce the gigantic wrongs which have been and are perpetrated upon the civil and political rights of the ten million people because of whose wrongs the Republican party was brought into existence, and Abraham Lincoln was made a martyr, after he had broken the chains of the slave, and cemented forever the union of the States. Yes, Theodore Roosevelt is stronger than his party, and it is fortunate for his party that it is so.

## FALSE THEORY OF EDUCATION

### CAUSE OF RACE DEMORALIZATION

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THE writer was present at the commencement exercises, at Hampton Institute, a few years ago, when a theory of education, which has been persistently inculcated in all of the academic and collegiate schools founded and maintained for the education of Afro-American youth, since the War of the Rebellion, was emphasized in a painful manner, as far as the writer was concerned. I do not wish to have it understood that this theory of education was or is knowingly inculcated in our schools; it appears to be a matter of unconscious inculcation, hammered into the students from start to finish of the prescribed course of study by the words of professors and outside speakers in addressing the student body, so that ultimately the students come to regard it as a fixed principle of the school course and of their life-work. Much of the misdirected effort of the graduates of Afro-American schools, in the past quarter of a century, is traceable, in some sort, to this theory of education; which I may define as educating the student away from the principle that his first object in life should be the building up of his individual character and material well-being, substituting instead the necessity of devoting all of his time and talents to the building up of the character and material well-

being of his race, as the first rule of action.

The incident, at the Hampton Institute, to which I wish to direct attention, as being the false theory of education which has caused so much of misdirected effort, was illustrated in the addresses of the two principal graduates of the class; one being an Afro-American and the other an Onandago Indian, whose reservation home was near Syracuse, New York.

The Negro was the first speaker. There was nothing in his looks or speech to differentiate him from the average of academic graduates. He was short of stature, fat, and his face was indicative of abounding good nature. Genius did not flash from his eyes nor resound in his periods as he held the auditory spell-bound. His address was pitched in a high-key of devotion to and sacrifice for others, although the speaker did not appear capable of doing more than the ordinary work that falls to an educated man, with an appetite for good eating and plenty of it and a disposition to take life easy, looking at the humorous rather than the serious side of life's struggle. When he reached the peroration of his essay, the student struck the theatrical attitude usual in oratorical heroics, and exclaimed, in substance:

"I shall go out from these sacred walls

with one great idea uppermost in my mind; I shall go back and mingle with my people and devote my life to lifting them up. I shall seek to give to them of the knowledge which I have gathered here, for the first rule of every educated man's conduct should be to do what he can to lift up his people."

That is the substance of what he said on that subject, although the same thought ran all through his essay. I was impressed, but sadly. The fact is, the young man had had no money when he reached Hampton Institute four years prior to his graduation; he had been assisted all through his school course by Northern philanthropy and work given him by the school; the clothes in which he graduated had been given to him, and the car-fare in his pocket necessary to enable him to reach his home and the field of his proposed Atlasan labors had been sent to him by relatives as poor as he. I have never heard of the student since, and I dare say he is still tugging away at the impossible task of lifting up his race, instead of tugging away at building up his own character and fortunes; for, unless a man first lift himself up, how can he lift up others? Of course, the well informed reader will point to Booker T. Washington as a shining example of this sort of education, for he did not have a shirt to his back when he reached the Hampton Institute, and there are others; but there are exceptions to every rule, and the fact that the theory of education which produced him, and a few others of lesser conspicuity, is the proper sort is refuted by the fact that it has produced so few of his kind and so many who have been and are staggering through life, laboring earnestly, perhaps,

but as poor and inconsequential as when they left their alma maters, with little more influence on the general mass of the people than if they had not graduated from any school of learning. Their efforts had been misdirected. They had striven to lift up others before lifting up themselves, and so remained on a dead level of effort and achievement.

In his recent address to the students of Tuskegee Institute, Bishop Galloway, of Mississippi, eloquently inculcated the theory that the students had a special mission, that the eyes of the world were upon them, and that they should do what they could to lift up their race. The good bishop meant well, for his heart beats in the right place. The students he exhorted have no special mission, but simply the mission of the average American citizen who has enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education; and the eyes of the world are not upon them, and will not be, until they do something which will attract general attention, whether in their town, or county, or state, or in the nation. The eyes of the world do not rest upon the obscure, but upon those who, by achievement in the development of their individual fortunes, are in position to help others, and this can not be done by wasting a life of effort striving to lift up a whole race and neglecting first to lift up the individual self.

The next speaker at the Hampton Institute commencement was an Onandago Indian. He looked just like all the other Indians I had seen; and most Indians look alike to me. His essay was pitched on similar lines to those of the first speaker, and his peroration was the same. He was going right back to the Onandago Reservation and devote his life



to lifting up his people. Now, this Indian's car-fare from Syracuse to Hampton Institute had been paid by the Federal Government, which has always been more generous to the Red Indian than the Black African, his tuition, food, and clothing had been paid for by the Government, and the ticket on which he travelled back to his home in Western New York will have been paid for by the Government when he turned his face towards it. How could a man, even a proud Indian, so circumstanced and hedged about, get it into his head, except by a false theory of education, that he could lift up his race, or anybody else, before he had first lifted up himself? He started out in life with his head twisted by a false idea which would hamper all of his efforts and, more than likely, frustrate them one by one, until he should round out the number of his days, a soured old man because he had made a failure of his life in all that he had prized most in the basic philosophy of his education.

It is worthy of note that the Negro and Indian are the only race elements of the American citizenship who are taught that their chief mission in life is to lift up their race. Other elements of the citizenship are taught from the nursery to the graduating hour at school that the chief end of effort is to develop the individual to the utmost, and that in so far as this is done will he and society at large be benefitted; that by lifting up himself he will be able to lift up others, as the units make the whole and not the whole the units; as the individuals make the aggregate citizenship, and not the aggregate citizenship the individuals; as the success of the race or the nation de-

pends not upon the united effort of all, as such, but upon the efforts of the several individuals constituting the race or nation, as such, proceeding invariably upon individual and not national or race initiative.

It may reasonably be argued that this view of the matter is the sublimation of selfishness. Granted. The progress of mankind is based in selfish and not magnanimous effort, the individual units working out the evolutionary processes independently of each other and often unconsciously, the sum total of their efforts making for general progress, prosperity and happiness without their conscious connivance. Looked at as a whole, the sum total appears to be the result of conscious design and effort, and is placed to the credit of the whole race or nation, whether for good or evil; but, as a matter of fact, the result is due to individual initiative and selfishness, with no conscious thought of benefitting the race or nation, as the case may be.

That the Indian and Afro-American have been the victims of this false theory of education, which is not hitched upon any other element of the American citizenship, is due wholly to the fact that that education has been designed, directed and paid for, for the most part, by good people, worthy of all praise, who regard the Indian and Afro-American people as peculiar people, not like other people, who require peculiar standards of education, as they are to occupy a peculiar place in the life of the American citizenship. When the products of this theory of education come into close contact with the every-day exactions of society they find that they are not prepared for them, there being nothing peculiar about them,

a uniformity of requirement prevailing from bootblackening to book-keeping, and from book-keeping to the administrative positions dominating in the social and civil order. The origin of this theory is essentially religious. The good people who have been at the bottom of the educational initiative and support of the Afro-American and Indian, and who have, therefore, shaped the character of it, have been intensely religious in their own convictions, and have made the missionary aim in thought and effort the corner-stone of their system of educational ethics, in which, preparation for the life to come was placed above preparation for the life that is, and living and sacrificing for others was regarded as of more moment and nobility than living and sacrificing for self. In all of the institutions maintained for the education of Afro-American youth the atmosphere of religious sanctity even now is as intense as in the Puritan days of New England, when all men and women were weighted down with the burden of the hereafter and dread of what it held in store for them, so that the present was so full of terrors as to rob of all pleasures of the most innocent character. The theory of education, therefore, that obtains and has obtained, not only makes sacrifice for others and lifting up of others the rules of living, but, by the nature of it, has fostered and encouraged a subsidiary rule, that of hypocrisy, a large element of which will be found to demoralize the conduct of a large percentage of the educated among the Afro-American people, because all men are not religious to the extent of willingness to make it the ruling passion of life, and when they have it forced upon them, and

they are unable to escape from it, they become insincere, hypocritical in thought and ultimately in conduct.

In 1874, the writer left the grounds of Howard University, preferring to room and board on the outside rather than submit to the religious tyranny practiced upon resident students. Besides the two religious services in the chapel each day, each meal service was a short religious service, with Bible reading and a "grace" as long and often longer than the average prayer; and there were some five different religious societies maintained among the students, suggested by the college authorities, with which all students were expected to affiliate, and were affected in their class standing if they did not do it. I contended then that I did not matriculate at the college for the purpose of learning how to die, but how to live, and that the requirements of the religious observances took up so much time as to leave little for the prescribed course of studies, while the religious atmosphere was so intense as to make worldly matters seem inconsequential, inducing a mental depression which amounted to habitual sadness, if lived in long enough. I preferred not to live in it, and I have not regretted that I did so. I know a score of men who were students with me at the time who conformed strictly to the rule; they were looked upon as hypocrites then and they have lived the lives of hypocrites since, occupying a dead level of achievement in the vain-glorious struggle to lift up the race. If they had had a proper sort of education in manliness and self-respect and self-interest, they would have made strong and useful men; as it has turned out, many of them are less than leeches,

always ready with a scheme to benefit the race, and a willingness to accept the money from some one else necessary to make the scheme a success, with no honest intention of applying the funds for the purpose which they were solicited and given. And before I went to Howard University, and was attending the Stanton Institute, at Jacksonville, Florida, a northern man who had done much for the school offered me a scholarship at Atlanta University if I would promise to become a preacher or teacher when my education was completed. I refused the offer and would do so again under similar conditions, because I know that there are no elements of a preacher or teacher in my make-up. Some of the young men who did accept the bounty and conditions of this good man have been acting the part of hypocrites ever since, and some of them are as rank failures in everything they have attempted to do as would be easy to find.

And we have preachers and school teachers by the thousand all over this country who have no fitness for the work in which they are engaged, and have measurably failed in it, but who, having accepted an education with the understanding, expressed or implied, that they would preach or teach, have stuck to their work and justified their conscience, if not the expectations of those who paid for their education. These people would have made splendid success, unburdened by the obligation to build up their race, if they had been left free to follow the bent of their own genius.

And there is a broader aspect of the evil. A system of education cannot turn out a succession of graduates for a quarter of a century, each one inflated with

the notion that he is the chosen instrument for the uplifting of his race, a leader of men manufactured out and out by a process of education, who, in the world of action, needs only to blow one blast upon his bugle horn to have his thousand liege followers rise up, as did Rhoderick Dhu's men, apparently out of the ground, without creating a cult, so to speak. We have it in evidence everywhere as a protuberant, truculent and obnoxious assumption of leadership of all sorts and conditions of men, in all sorts of situations, graduates of schools of all sorts, some of which have not drilled the graduates in a moderate mastery of the mother tongue and in the ethics of domination, some of whom are not even prepared to be good followers under wise guidance. It was Napoleon Bonaparte, I believe, who declared that a man who did not know how to obey is not fit to command. It is a fair conclusion that this is the condition of the Afro-American people to-day. Its educated men have been saturated with the notion that their paramount mission in life is to lift up the race, and they go about that mission as persons having authority. The young graduate just out of school has the affliction in as aggravated and provoking form as the old one, who has struggled through years of discouragement to live up to his education, covered all over with the scars of defeat, with nothing but the ruling passion that he is an authorized "lifter" left as his stock in trade. And these people have scattered the heresy broadcast through the ranks of the ignorant mass, so that it is difficult not to find an Afro-American without a mission to lift up his race, to be a leader of thought and effort, and not a faithful



follower to execute the wise policies of capable men, the latter being given little opportunity to make themselves felt and heard.

The extent to which the demoralization of this false theory of education has gone can easily be estimated by any one who will attend any sort of gathering of Afro-Americans where the work in hand requires deliberation and action, and, therefore, a semblance of organization. Every man in the gathering imagines that he should be made chairman, and is indisposed to vote for anyone as long as he thinks he has a chance of succeeding, and then he will probably throw his influence to the least competent man in the gathering in order to get even with the modest man who is probably the only man fit to be selected. And the defeated men always feel that they have been defrauded of their dues and stand ready at the first opportunity to obstruct the orderly transaction of business or to break up the assemblage. This is not only true of small gatherings without consequence, but of great national assemblages as well. Church conferences and great quadrennial conferences are marred by the same display of bumptious ambition to dominate without brains or character, or substantial reputation in achievement, to warrant it. And when an organization is finally perfected everybody has an idea and insists upon having an hour or more in which to talk about it, and when ruled or voted out of order will create an uproar which the police may have to quell with a display of clubs and pistols.

Where every educated man feels that

he is authorized to lift the race up, because he is educated that way, and the mass of the people have become inoculated with the same deadly disease, we have a condition in which every man feels that he is as good and knows as much as his neighbor, and refuses to follow if not allowed to lead. Demoralization, therefore, paralyzes the thought and action of the race. That is the situation to-day.

How are we to get back to first principles? How are we to educate the youth of the race so as to get the best results, not in the lifting up of the race, but in the lifting up of the individual? How are we to spread broadcast the fact that ability, character and experience are working capital which youth and ignorance do not possess and cannot resist without being dashed to pieces? How are we to get rooted in our education the fact that, while "all men are created equal, and endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights," this equality disappears absolutely in the progress from childhood to manhood, when most are fitted to follow and precious few are fitted to lead?

With the race full of educated men, there are yet few to follow; most men striving to pull down everybody, in the hope to reap some selfish advantage in the confusion; so that the enemies of the race have it at a fearful disadvantage and are wreaking havoc with its character, and with its civil and political and manhood rights. The individual must lift up himself before he can lift up the race.

TIMOTHY THOMAS FORTUNE.

## THE HOUR AND THE MAN

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE HOUR.

THE lads found some of the details of military training less heroic and less agreeable than they had imagined; scarcely to be compared, indeed, under either aspect, to the chase of the wild goats, and search for young turtle to which they had been of late accustomed. They had their pleasures, however, amidst the heats, toils, and laborious offices of the camp. They felt themselves men, living among men: they were young enough to throw off, and almost to forget, the habits of thought which belong to slavery; and they became conscious of a spirit growing up within them, by which they could look before and after, perceive that the future of their lives was in their own hands, and therefore understand the importance of the present time. Their father looked upon them with mixed feelings of tender pride in them, and regret for his own lost youth. The strong and busy years on which they were entering had been all spent by him in acquiring one habit of mind, to which his temperament and his training alike conduced—a habit of endurance. It was at this time that he had acquired the power of reading enough to seek for books: and the books that he had got hold of were Epictetus, and some fragments of Fénelon. With all the force of youth, he had been by turns the Stoic and the Quietest; and, while busied in submitting himself to the

pressure of the present, he had turned from the past, and scarcely dreamed of the future. If his imagination glanced back to the court of his royal grandfather, held under the palm shades, or pursuing the lion-hunt amidst the jungles of Africa, he had hastily withdrawn his mind's eye from scenes which might create impatience of his lot; and if he ever wondered whether a long succession of ignorant and sensual blacks were to be driven into the field by the whip every day in St. Domingo for evermore, he had cut short the speculation as inconsistent with his stoical habit of endurance and his Christian principle of trust. It was not till his youth was past that he had learned any thing of the revolutions of the world—too late to bring them into his speculations and his hopes. He had read, from year to year, of the conquests of Alexander and of Cæsar: he had studied the wars of France, and drawn the plans of campaigns in the sand before his door till he knew them by heart; but it had not occurred to him that, while empires were overthrown in Asia, and Europe was traversed by powers which gave and took its territories, as he saw the negroes barter their cocoa-nuts and plantains on Saturday nights—while such things had happened in another hemisphere, it had not occurred to him that change would ever happen in St. Domingo. He had heard of earthquakes taking place at intervals of hundreds of years, and he knew that the times of the hurricane were not calculable; but,

patient and still as was his own existence, he had never thought whether there might not be a convulsion of human affections, a whirlwind of human passion, preparing under the grim order of society in the colony. If a master died, his heir succeeded him; if the "force" of any plantation was by any conjuncture of circumstances dispersed or removed, another negro company was on the shore, ready to repeople the slave-quarter. The mutabilities of human life had seemed to him to be appointed to whites—to be their privilege and their discipline; while he doubted not that the eternal command to blacks was to bear and forbear. When he now looked upon his boys, and remembered that for them this order was broken up, and in time for them to grasp a future and prepare for it; that theirs was the lot of whites, in being involved in social changes, he regarded them with a far deeper solicitude and tenderness than in the darkest midnight hours of their childish illnesses, or during the sweetest prattle of their Sabbath afternoons, and with a far stronger hopefulness than can ever enter the heart or home of a slave. They had not his habitual patience, and he saw that they were little likely to attain it; but they daily manifested qualities and powers—enterprise, forecast, and aspiration of various kinds, adorning their youth with a promise which made their father sigh at the retrospect of his own. He was amused, at the same time, to see in them symptoms of a boyish vanity, to which he had either not been prone, or which he had early extinguished. He detected in each the secret eagerness with which they looked forward to displaying their military accomplishments to those with whom they were

always exchanging thoughts over the ridge. He foresaw that when they should have improved a little in certain exercises, he should be receiving hints about a visit to the shore, and that there would then be such a display upon the sands as should excite prodigious admiration, and make Denis break his heart that he must not go to the camp.

Meanwhile, he amused them in the evenings, with as many of his officers as chose to look on, by giving them the history of the wars of Asia and Europe, as he had learned it from books, and thoroughly mastered it by reflection. Night after night was the map of Greece traced with his sword's point on the sand behind his tent, while he related the succession of the conflicts with Persia with a spirit derived from old Herodotus himself. Night after night did the interest of his hearers arouse more and more spirit in himself, till he became aware that his sympathies with the Greeks in their struggles for liberty had hitherto been like the poet born blind, who delights in describing natural scenery—thus unconsciously enjoying the stir within him of powers whose appropriate exercise is forbidden. Amidst this survey of the regions of history, he felt, with humble wonder, that while his boys were like bright-eyed children sporting fearlessly in the fields, he was like one lately couched, by whom the order of things was gradually becoming recognized, but who was oppressed by the unwonted light, and inwardly ashamed of the hesitation and uncertainty of his tread. While sons, nephew and a throng of his officers were listening to him as to an oracle, and following the tracings of his sword, as he showed



how this advance and that retreat had been made above two thousand years ago, he was full of consciousness that the spirit of the history of freedom was received more truly by the youngest of his audience than by himself; that he was learning from their natural ardor something of higher value than all that he had to impart.

As he was thus engaged late one spring evening—late, because the rains would soon come on, and suspend all outdoor meetings—he was stopped in the midst of explaining a diagram by an authoritative tap on the shoulder. Roused by an appeal to his attention now so unusual, he turned quickly, and saw a black, who beckoned him away.

"Why can you not speak? Or do you take me for some one else? Speak your business."

"I can not," said the man, in a voice which, though too low to be heard by any one else, Toussaint knew to be Papalier's. "I can not speak here; I must not make myself known. Come this way."

Great was the surprise of the group at seeing Toussaint instantly follow this black, who appeared in the dusk to be meanly clothed. They entered the tent, and let down the curtain at the entrance. Some saw that a woman stood within the folds of the tent.

"Close the tent," said Papalier, in the same low tone in which he had been wont to order his plate to be changed at home. "And now give me some water to wash off this horrid daubing. Some water—quick! Pah! I have felt as if I were really a Negro all this day."

Toussaint said nothing, nor did he summon any one. He saw it was a case

of danger, led the way into the inner part of the tent, poured out water, pointed to it, and returned to the table, where he sat down, to await further explanation.

Papalier at length re-appeared, looking like himself, even as to his clothes, which Therese must have brought in the bundle which she carried. She now stood leaning against one of the tent-poles, looking grievously altered—worn and wearied.

"Will you not sit down, Therese?" said Toussaint, pointing to a chair near his own, Papalier having seated himself on the other side of the table.

Therese threw herself on a couch at some distance and hid her face.

"I must owe my safety to you again, Toussaint," said Papalier. "I understand General Hermona is here at present?"

"He is."

"You have influence with him, and you must use it for me."

"I am sorry you need it. I hoped you would have taken advantage of the reception he gave you to learn the best time and manner of going to Europe. I hoped you had been at Paris long ago."

"I ought to have been there. If I had properly valued my life, I should have been there. But it seemed so inconceivable that things should have reached a worse pass than when I crossed the frontier! It seemed so incredible that I should not be able to preserve any wreck of my property for my children, that I have lingered on, staying month after month, till now I can not get away. I have had a dreadful life of it. I had better have been anywhere else. Why, even Therese," he continued, pointing over

his shoulder toward the couch, "Therese, who would not be left behind at Fort Egalité the night we came from Breda—even Therese has not been using me as she should do. I believe she hates me."

"You are in trouble, and therefore I will not speak to you to-night about Therese," said Toussaint. "You are in danger from the determination of the Spaniards to deliver up the enemies of the late king to—"

"Rather say to deliver up the masters to their revolted slaves. They make politics the pretense; but they would not be sorry to see us all cut to pieces, like poor Odeluc and Clement, and fifty more."

"However that may be, your immediate danger is from the Spaniards—is it?"

"Yes; I discovered that I was to be sent over the line to-morrow, so I was obliged to get here to-day in any way I could; and there was no other way than—pah! it was horrid."

"No other way than by looking like a Negro," said Toussaint, calmly. "Well, now you are here, what do you mean to do next?"

"I mean, by your influence with General Hermona, to obtain protection to a port, that I may proceed to Europe. I do not care whether I go from St. Domingo or by St. Iago, so as to sail from Port Plate. I could find a vessel from either port. You would have no difficulty in persuading General Hermona to do this."

"I hope not, as he voluntarily gave you permission to enter this territory. I will ask for his safe conduct in the morning. To-night you are safe, if you remain here. I request that you will take

possession of the inner apartment, and rely upon my protection."

"Thank you. I knew my best way was to come here," said Papalier, rising. "Therese will bring me some refreshment; and then I shall be glad of rest, for we traveled half last night."

"For how many shall the safe conduct be?" asked Toussaint who had also risen. "For yourself alone, or more?"

"No one knows better than you," said Papalier, hastily, "that I have only one servant left," pointing again to the couch. "And," lowering his voice so that Therese could not hear, "she, poor thing, is dreadfully altered, you see; has never got over the loss of her child that night." Then raising his voice again, he pursued, "My daughters at Paris will be glad to see Therese, I know; and she will like Paris, as every body does. All my other people are irrecoverable, I fear, but Therese goes with me."

"No," said Therese from the couch, "I will go nowhere with you."

"Heydey! what is that?" said Papalier, turning in the direction of the voice. "Yes, you will go, my dear. You are tired to-night, as you well may be. You feel as I do—as if you could not go anywhere to-morrow or the next day. But we shall be rested and ready enough when the time comes."

"I am ready at this moment to go anywhere else—anywhere away from from you," replied Therese.

"What do you mean Therese," asked her master, sharply.

"I mean just what you said just now—that I hate you."

"Oh! silence!" exclaimed Toussaint. He then added, in a mild tone, to Therese, "This is my house, in which God

is worshiped and Christ adored, and where, therefore, no words of hatred may be spoken." He then addressed himself to Papalier, saying, "You have, then, fully resolved that it is less dangerous to commit yourself to the Spaniards than to attempt to reach Cap?"

"To reach Cap! What! After the decree? Upon my soul, Toussaint, I never doubted you yet; but if—"

He looked Toussaint full in the face.

"I betray no one," said Toussaint.

"What decree do you speak of?"

"That of the Convention of the 4th of February, last."

"I have not heard of it."

"Then it is as I hoped; that decree is not considered here as of any importance. I trusted it would be so. It is merely a decree of the Convention confirming and proclaiming the liberty of the Negroes, and declaring the colony henceforth an integrant part of France. It is a piece of folly and nonsense, as you will see at once; for it can never be enforced. No one of any sense will regard it; but just at present it has the effect, you see, of making it out of the question for me to cross the frontier."

"True," said Toussaint, in a voice which made Papalier look in his face, which was working with some strong emotion. He turned away from the light, and desired Therese to follow him. He would commit her to the charge of one of the sutlers' wives for the night.

Having put on the table such fruit, bread, and wine as remained from his own meal (Papalier forbidding further preparation, for fear of exciting observation without), Toussaint went out with Therese, committed her to safe hands, and then entered the tent next

his own, inhabited by his sons, and gave them his accustomed blessing. On his return he found that Papalier had retired.

Toussaint was glad to be alone. Never had he more needed solitude; for rarely, if ever, in the course of his life, had his calm soul been so disturbed. During the last words spoken by Papalier, a conviction had flashed across him, more vivid and more tremendous than any lightning which the skies of December had sent forth to startle the bodily eye; and amidst the storm which those words had roused within him, that conviction continued to glare forth at intervals, refusing to be quenched. It was this: that it were indeed true that the revolutionary Government of France had decreed to the Negroes the freedom and rights of citizenship, to fight against the revolutionary Government would be henceforth to fight against the freedom and rights of his race. The consequences of such a conviction were overpowering to his imagination. As one inference after another presented itself before him—as a long array of humiliations and perplexities showed themselves in the future—he felt as if his heart was bursting. For hour after hour of that night he paced the floor of his tent, and if he rested his limbs, so unused to tremble with fear or toil, it was while covering his face with his hands, as if even the light of the lamp disturbed the intensity of his meditation. A few hours may, at certain crises of the human mind and lot, do the work of years; and that night carried on the education of the noble soul, long repressed by slavery, to a point of insight which multitudes do not reach in a lifetime. No doubt the pre-



paration had been making through years of forbearance and meditation, and through the latter months of enterprise and activity; but yet the change of views and purposes was so great as to make him feel, between night and morning, that he was another man.

The lamp burned out, and there was no light but from the brilliant flies, a few of which had found their way into the tent. Toussaint made his repeater strike; it was three o'clock. As his mind grew calm under the settlement of his purposes, he became aware of the thirst which his agitation had excited. By the light of the flitting tapers he poured out water, refreshed himself with a deep draught, and then addressed himself to his duty. He could rarely endure delaying in action on his convictions. The present was a cause in which delay was treachery, and he would not lose an hour. He would call up Father Laxabon, and open his mind to him, that he might be ready for action when the camp should awake.

As he drew aside the curtain of the tent, the air felt fresh to his heated brow, and, with the calm starlight, seemed to breathe strength and quietness into his soul. He stood for a moment listening to the dash and gurgle of the river as it passed the camp—the voice of waters, so loud to the listening ear, but so little heeded amidst the hum of the busy hours of day. It now rose above the chirpings and buzzings of reptiles and insects, and carried music to the ear and spirit of him who had so often listened at Breda to the fall of water in the night hours, with a mind unburdened and unperplexed with duties and with cares. The sentinel stopped before the tent with a start which

made his arms ring, at seeing the entrance open and someone standing there.

"Watch that no one enters," said Toussaint to him. "Send for me to Father Laxabon's if I am wanted."

As he entered the tent of the priest—a tent so small as to contain only one apartment—all seemed dark. Laxabon slept so soundly as not to awake till Toussaint had found the tinder-box and was striking a light.

"In the name of Christ, who is there?" cried Laxabon.

"I, Toussaint Breda—entreating your pardon, father."

"Why are you here, my son? There is some misfortune, by your face. You look weary and anxious. What is it?"

"No misfortune, father, and no crime. But my mind is anxious, and I have ventured to break your rest. You will pardon me?"

"You do right, my son. We are ready for service, in season and out of season."

While saying this, the priest had risen and thrown on his morning-gown. He now seated himself at the table, saying,

"Let us hear. What is this affair of haste?"

"The cause of my haste is this—that I may probably not again have conversation with you, father; and desire to confess, and be absolved by you once more."

"Good. Some dangerous expedition, is it not so?"

"No. The affair is personal altogether. Have you heard of any decree of the French Convention, by which the Negroes—the slaves—of the colony of St. Domingo are freely accepted as fellow citizens, and the colony declared an integrant part of France?"

"Surely I have. The general was

speaking of it last night ; and I brought away a copy of the proclamation consequent upon it. Let me see," said he, rising, and taking up the lamp ; "where did I put that proclamation?"

"With your sacred books, perhaps, father ; for it is a gospel to me and my race."

"Do you think it of so much importance?" asked Laxabon, returning to the table with the newspaper containing the proclamation, officially given. "The General does not seem to think much of it, nor does Jean Francais."

"To a commander of our allies the affair may appear a trifle, father ; and such white planters as can not refuse to hear the tidings may scoff at them ; but Jean Francais, a negro and a slave—is it possible that he makes light of this?"

"He does : but he has read it, and you have not. Read it, my son, and without prejudice."

Toussaint read it again and again.

"Well !" said the priest, as Toussaint put down the paper, no longer attempting to hide with it the streaming tears which covered his face.

"Father," said he, commanding his voice completely, "is there no hope that if men, weakened and blinded by degradation, mistake their duty when time for duty comes, they will be forgiven?"

"In what case, my son? Explain yourself."

"If I, hitherto a slave, and wanting, therefore, the wisdom of a free man, find myself engaged on the wrong side—fighting against the providence of God—is there not hope that I may be forgiven on turning to the right?"

"How the wrong side, my son? Are you not fighting for your king, and for

the allies of France?"

"I have been so pledged and so engaged ; and I do not say that I was wrong when I so engaged and so pledged myself. But if I had been as wise as a free man should be, I should have foreseen of late what has now happened, and not have been found, when last night's sun went down (and as to-morrow night's sun shall not find me), holding a command against the highest interest of my race, now, at length, about to be redeemed."

"You—Toussaint Breda—the loyal ! If Heaven has put any of its grace within you, it has shown itself in your loyalty ; and do you speak of deserting the forces raised in the name of your King, and acting upon the decrees of his enemies? Explain to me, my son, how this can be. It seems to me that I can scarcely be yet awake."

"And to me it seems, father, that never till now have I been awake. Yet it was in no vain dream that I serve my King. If he is now where he can read the hearts of his servants, he knows that it was not my command, or for any other dignity and reward, that I came hither, and have fought under the royal flag of France. It was from reverence and duty to him, under God. He is now in heaven ; we have no king ; and my loyalty is due elsewhere. I know not how it might have been if he had still lived : for it seems to me now that God has established a higher royalty among men than even that of an anointed sovereign over the fortunes of many millions of men. I think now that the rule which the free man has over his own soul, over time and eternity—subject only to God's will—is a nobler authority than that of kings ; but however I have

thought, our King no longer lives ; and, by God's mercy, as it seems to me now, while the hearts of the blacks feel orphaned and desolate, an object is held forth to us for the adoration of our loyalty—an object higher than throne and crown, and offered us by the hand of the King of kings."

"Do you mean freedom, my son? Remember that it is in the name of freedom that the French rebels have committed the crimes which it would consume the night to tell of, and which no one knows better or abhors more than yourself."

"It is true ; but they struggled for this, and that, and the other right and privilege existing in societies of those who are fully admitted to be men. In the struggle, crime has been victorious, and they have killed their king. The object of my devotion will now be nothing that has to be wrenched from the anointed ruler, nothing which can be gained by violence ; nothing but that which, being already granted, requires only to be cherished, and may best be cherished in peace—the manhood of my race. To this must I henceforth be loyal."

"How can men be less slaves than the negroes of St. Domingo of late? No real change has taken place ; and yet you, who wept that freedom as rebellion, are now proposing to add your force to it."

"And was it not rebellion? Some rose for the plunder of their masters—some from ambition—some from revenge—many to escape from a condition they had not patience to endure. All this was corrupt ; and the corruption, though bred out of slavery, as the fever from the marshes, grieved my soul as if I had not known the cause. But now, knowing

the cause, and others (knowing it also) having decreed that slavery is at an end, and giving the sanction of law and national sympathy to our freedom—is not the case changed? Is it now a folly or a sin to desire to realize, and purify, and elevate this freedom; that those who were first slaves and then savages may at length become men ; not in decrees and proclamations only, but in their own souls? You do not answer, father Is it not so?"

"Open yourself farther, my son. Declare what you propose. I fear you are perplexing yourself."

"If I am deceived, father, I look for light from Heaven through you."

"I fear—I fear, my son! I do not find in you to-night the tone of humility and reliance upon religion in which you found comfort the first time you opened the conflicts of your heart to me. You remember the night, my son?"

"The first night of my freedom. Never shall I forget its agonies."

"I rejoice to hear it. Those agonies were safer, more acceptable to God, than the comforts of self-will."

"My father, if my will ensnares me, lay open the snare ; I say not for the sake of my soul only, but for far, far more : for the sake of my children, for the sake of my race, for the glory of God in his dealings with men, bring me back if I stray."

"Well. Explain, explain what you propose."

"I cannot remain in an army opposed to what are now the legal rights of the blacks."

"You will give up your command?"

"I shall."

"And your boys—what will you do with them?"



"Send them whence they came for the present. I shall dismiss them by one road, while the resignation of my rank goes by another—"

"And you, yourself by a third?"

"When I have declared myself to General Hermona."

"Have you thoughts of taking your soldiers with you?"

"No."

"But what is right for you is right for them."

"If they so decide for themselves. My power over them is great. They would follow me with a word. I shall therefore avoid speaking that word, as it would be a false first step in a career of freedom, to make them enter upon it as slaves to my opinion and my will."

"But you will at least address them, that they may understand the course you pursue. The festival of this morning will afford an opportunity, after mass. Have you thought of this? I do not say that I am advising it, or sanctioning any part of your plan; but have you thought of this?"

"I have, and dismissed the thought. The proclamation will speak for itself. I act from no information which is not open to them all.—They can act, thank God, for themselves; and I will not seduce them into subservience, or haste, or passion."

"But you will be giving up everything. What can make you think that the French at Cap, all in the interest of the planters, will receive you?"

"I do not think it, and I shall not offer myself."

"Then you will sink into nothing. You will no longer be an officer, nor even a soldier. You will be a mere negro,

where negroes are wholly despised. After all that you have been, you will be nothing."

"I shall be a true man."

"You will sink to less than nothing. You will be worse than useless before God and man. You will be held a traitor."

"I shall; but it will be for the sake of a higher fidelity."

There was a long pause, after which Laxabon said in a tone half severe and half doubting,

"So here ends your career! You will dig a piece of ground to grow maize and plantains for your family; you will read history in your piazza, and see your daughters dance in the shade, while your name will never be mentioned but as that of a traitor. So here ends your career!"

"From no one so often as you, father, have I heard that man's career never ends."

The priest made no reply.

"How lately was it," pursued Tous-saint, "that you encouraged my children, when they, who fear neither the wild bull nor the tornado, looked somewhat fearfully up to the eclipsed moon? Who was it but you that told them, that though that blessed light seemed blotted out from the sky, it was not so; but that behind the black shadow, God's hand was still leading her on through the heaven, still pouring radiance into her lamp, not the less bright because it was hidden from men? A thick shadow is about to pass upon my name; but is it not possible, father, that God may still be feeding my soul with light—still guiding me toward himself? Will you not once more tell me that man's career never ends?"

"In a certain sense—in a certain sense, that is true, my son. But our career here is what God has put into our own hands; and it seems to me that you are throwing away his gift and his favor. How will you answer when he asks you, 'What hast thou done with the rank and the power I put into thy hand? How hast thou used them?' What can you then answer but, 'I flung them away, and made myself useless and a reproach.' You know what a station you hold in this camp; how you are prized by the General for the excellence of the military discipline you have introduced; and by me, and all the wise and religious, for the sobriety of manners and purity of morals of which you are an example in yourself, and which you have cherished among your troops, so that your soldiers are the boast of the whole alliance. You know this—that you unite the influence of the priest with the power of the commander; and yet you are going to cast off both, with all the duties which belong to them, and sink yourself in infamy, and, with yourself, the virtues which you have advocated. How will you answer this to God?"

"Father, was there not one in whose path lay all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and who yet chose ignominy—to be despised by the world instead of to lead it? And was God severe with him? Forgive me, father; but have you not desired me to follow him, though far off as the eastern moon from the setting sun?"

"That was a case, my son, unique in the world. The Saviour had a lot of his own. Common men have rulers appointed them whom they are to serve; and, if in rank and honor, so much the

greater the favor of God. You entered this service with an upright mind and pure intent; and, therefore, can you most safely remain, instead of casting yourself down from the pinnacle of the temple, which, you know, the Son of God refused to do. Remember his words, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' Be not tempted yourself, by pride of heart, to compare your lot with that of Christ, which was unique."

"He devoted himself for the whole race of man: he, and he alone. But it seems to me that there may be periods of time when changes are appointed to take place among men—among nations and even among races; and that a common man may then be called to devote himself for that nation or for that race. Father, I feel that the hour may be come for the Negro race to be redeemed; and that I, a common man, may so far devote myself as not to stand in the way of their redemption. I feel that I must step out from among those who have never admitted the Negroes' claim to manhood. If God should open to me a way to serve the blacks better, I shall be found ready. Meantime, not for another day will I stand in the light of their liberties. Father," he continued, with an eagerness which grew as he spoke, "you know something of the souls of slaves. You know how they are smothered in the lusts of the body, how they are debased by the fear of man, how blind they are to the providence of God! You know how oppression has put out the eyes of their souls, and withered its sinews. If now, at length, a Saviour has once more for them stretched out his healing hand, and bidden them see, and arise and be strong, shall I resist the

work? And, you, father, will you not aid it? I would not presume; but if I might say all—"

"Say on, my son."

"Having reproved and raised the souls of slaves, would it not henceforth be a noble work for you to guide their souls as men? If you would come among us as a soldier of Christ, who is bound to no side in earthly quarrels; if you would come as to those who need you most, the lowest, the poorest, the most endangered, what a work may lie between this hour and your last! What may your last hour be, if, day by day, you have trained our souls in the glorious liberty of the children of God! The beginning must be lowly; but the kind heart of the Christian priest is lowly; and you would humble yourself first to teach men thus: 'You were wrong to steal'—'you were wrong to take more wives than one, and to strike your children in passion.' Thus humbly must you begin; but among free men how high may you not rise? Before you die, you may have led them to rule their own spirits, and, from the throne of that sovereignty, to look far into the depths of the heavens and over the history of the world; so that they may live in the light of God's countenance, and praise him almost like the angels: for, you know, he has made us, even us, but a little lower than they."

"This would be a noble work," said Laxabon, much moved; "and if God is really about to free your race, he will appoint a worthy servant for the office. My duty, however, lies here. I have here souls in charge, without being troubled with doubts as to the intentions of God and of men. As I told you, the General does not think so much as you

do of this event; nor even does Jean Francois. If you act rashly, you will regret of ever having quitted the path of loyalty and duty. I warn you to pause, and see what course events will take. I admonish you not hastily to desert the path of loyalty and duty."

"If it had pleased God," said Tous-saint, humbly, "to release me from the ignorance of slavery when he gave me freedom, I might now be able to lay open my heart as I desire to do; I might declare the reasons which persuade me so strongly as I feel persuaded. But I am ignorant, and unskillful in reasoning with one like you, father."

"It is therefore that we are appointed to guide and help you, my son. You now know my mind, and have received my admonition. Let us proceed to confession; for the morning draws on toward the hour for mass."

"Father, I can not yield to your admonition. Reprove me as you will, I can not. There is a voice within me stronger than yours."

"I fear so, my son; nor can I doubt what that voice is, nor whence it comes. I will pray for you, that you may have strength to struggle with the tempter."

"Not so, father: rather pray that I may have strength to obey this new voice of duty, alone as I am, discountenanced as I shall be."

"Impossible, my son. I dare not so pray for one self-willed and precipitate; nor, till you bring an humble and obedient mind, can I receive your confession." There can be no absolution where there is reservation. Consider, my dear son! I only desire you to pause."



"Delay is treachery," said Toussaint. "This day the decree and proclamation will be made known through the forces; and if I remain, this night's sun sets on my condemnation. I shall not dare to pray, clothed in my rank, this night."

"Go now, my son. You see it is dawning. You have lost the present opportunity; and you must now leave me to my duties. When you can return hither to yours, you will be welcome."

Toussaint paid him his wonted reverence and left the tent.

Arrived in his own, he threw himself on the couch like a heart-broken man.

"No help! no guidance!" thought he. "I am desolate and alone. I never thought to have been left without a guide from God. He leaves me with my sins upon my soul, unconfessed, unabridged; and thus burdened and rebuked, I must enter upon the course which I dare not refuse. But this voice within me which bids me go, whence and what is it? Whence is it but from God? And how can I, therefore, say that I am alone? There is no man that I can rely on; not even one of Christ's anointed priests; but is there not He who redeemed

men? and will He reject me if, in my obedience, I come to Him? I will try, I will dare. I am alone, and He will hear and help me."

Without priest, without voice, without form of words, he confessed and prayed, and no longer felt that he was alone. He arose, clear in mind, and strong in heart; wrote and sealed up his resignation of his commission, stepped into the next tent to rouse the three boys, desiring them to dress for early mass, and prepare for their return to their homes immediately afterward. He then entered his own inner apartment, where Papalier was sleeping so soundly that it was probable the early movements of Saint's-day festivities in the camp would not awaken him. As he could not show himself abroad till the General's protection was secured, his host let him sleep on; opening and shutting his clothes-chest, and going through the whole preparation for appearance on the parade in full uniform, without disturbing his wearied guest, who hardly moved even at the roll of the drum and the stir of morning in the camp.

( TO BE CONTINUED )

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### ✿ HIS LOVE ✿

A simple maid she seemed, when first her beauty soared  
Upon the dark heavens of his life, and he adored;  
And, then, a star she seemed, descending from above,  
So fair, so radiantly fair, he could do naught but love.

JESSIE FORTUNE

## INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION—WILL IT SOLVE THE NEGRO PROBLEM

BY FANNIE BARRIER WILLIAMS

**I**NDUSTRIAL Education is a much overworked term. Among the colored people, at least, it has caused no end of confusion of ideas and absurd conclusions as to what is the best kind of education for the masses of the people. Scarcely any subject, since emancipation, has been talked about and discussed as this one subject of Industrial Education. All sorts and conditions of people have their opinion as to the merits and demerits of this kind of education, and have been curiously eager to give expression to such opinions in the public press, in the pulpit and on the rostrum. Among these thinkers, writers, and speakers there are many who know absolutely nothing about the question, and there are others whose academic training has given them a fixed bias against any sort of mental training which does not include as a *sine qua non* the "humanities." On the other hand, there are those among the advocates of Industrial Education who insist that nothing else will solve the race problem. So the discussion goes on from one extreme to the other, with more or less earnestness and noise, truth and falsehood, sense and nonsense.

With the exception of occasional personalities and vindictive misrepresentations, this widespread discussion of the principles of Industrial Education has added enormously to the general inter-

est in the subject of education for the colored and white people of the South. More than any other man, Dr. Booker T. Washington has made the subject of education in the South one of paramount interest to all the people. The helpful agencies that have been created and developed by this new propaganda of the training of the brawn as well as the brain of the people are quite beyond calculation. Industrial Education has long since ceased to be a theory. The discussion as to whether or not this kind of education is best for the Negro race may go on indefinitely; but, in the meantime, the industrial system of education has taken deep root in the needs of the people.

But what is this Industrial Education? The following are some of the answers given by persons who ought to know better: "To teach the Negro how to work hard;" "to teach the Negro how to be a good servant and forever hewers of wood and drawers of water;" "to teach the Negro how to undervalue his manhood rights."

It is scarcely necessary to say that Industrial Education is immeasurably more than anything contained in these definitions. In the term Industrial Education, the emphasis is always upon education. Mathematics, drawing, chemistry, history, psychology, and sociology go along with the deft handling

of the carpenter's and engineer's tools, with the knowledge of farming, dairying, printing, and the whole range of the mechanical arts. To the students in the industrial or manual training schools, their education means more than the mere names of the various trades imply. The carpenter has been given the foundation training by which he may well aspire to become an architect, the printer a publisher, the engineer a manufacturer, and the trained farmer a prosperous land owner. It can be readily seen that, by this kind of training, occupations that were once considered mere drudgery have become enlarged and ennobled by the amount of intelligence put into them. It was once thought that no one outside of the professions and other well deserved occupations needed to be educated. The tradesman or mechanic was not expected to know anything beyond the more or less skillful handling of his cash book or tools. An educated mechanic was the exception. Farming without the knowledge of forestry, dairying and the many other things that enter into the farmer's life, was regarded as drudgery.

What was true of masculine occupations was equally true of woman in the whole range of her special occupations and domestic concerns. It was thought that the only occupations for which women needed any sort of training were those which fitted her for the parlor and "society." Piano playing was an accomplishment; cooking and housekeeping, drudgery. A woman's apron was a badge of servility, and the kitchen a place not to be frequented by ladies. Poor woman! How narrow was her sphere! How wide the distance between

the sphere of her every day home usefulness and the accomplishments of the "lady!" How different since the newer education has enlarged our sense of values. A new dignity has been added to the occupations that concern our health, our homes and our happiness. Through the influence of schools of domestic science, cooking has become a profession; the trained nurse divides honors with the physician, and the dressmaker and the milliner, by proper training, have become artists. In fact, Industrial training has dignified everything it has touched. It is not only banishing drudgery from the workshop and the home, but is widening the opportunities for talents of all kinds. There can be no such thing as caste in the every-day work of life, if that work is under the direction and control of trained intellects. Whether we do our share of the world's work with the pen or with the tool, in the office or in the shop, in the broad green acres on the hill slopes, or in the senate hall, the question is always the same—how much intelligence and character do you bring to your work? We believe that it is not too much to say that this is the spirit, the purpose and the result of Industrial Education.

Yet there are those who oppose this kind of education, as if it meant exactly the opposite of all this. It must be said that in a good deal of this opposition there is a curious blending of ignorance, envy and perversity. The best that can be said of those who think they are sincere is that they represent a belated conception of the higher and larger functions of education.

It should be stated in passing that nearly all of the most competent educa-



tors of the country, including presidents of the leading universities, believe in the Washington idea of Industrial Education, for white as well as colored people. That the idea has the encouragement and support of the best thought of the day is witnessed by the large number of industrial, polytechnical and agricultural schools that have been built and developed in the Northern states during the past ten or twelve years. These schools are always over crowded by white students. It is very difficult to keep a white boy in a high school long enough to enable him to graduate, but he will remain in a manual training school without persuasion. A leading professor in the Chicago University recently stated to his class that Booker T. Washington must always be regarded as the true leader of American education in its largest sense. The conception as to what is real and fundamental in education, has become so broadened that even the great universities are enlarging their curricula so as to include schools of technology. Such being the sphere and purpose and resulting possibilities of industrial education, can it be right, or just to urge it as especially suited to the condition of the colored people?

It is claimed by the academician that the Negro is not essentially different from any other people, and, therefore, he should not be singled out for any special kind of education. We certainly all like to believe that the Negro is as good as any one else, but the important fact remains that the Negro is essentially different from any other race amongst us in the conditions that beset him. Just what these conditions are every intelligent Negro knows and feels. Among

these conditions are illiteracy and restricted opportunities for the exercise of his talents and tastes. To multitudes of colored people illiteracy is a continuous night without a single ray of light. Inability to read and write is the least of his deficiencies; the ignorance of what to do to help himself and his kind is the pitiful thing. Any system of education that does not, in its helpful effect, reach from the school house back to the cabin is of small value in solving the race problem. The crying need of the multitude is, "Can you show me how to live,—how to raise more and better crops,—how to hold and use the benefits of my labor,—how to own and keep the land that I have earned over and over again by my labor,—how to appreciate the value of the earth's bounties and turn them into the currents of commerce? Any system of education that cannot give direct and helpful answer to this wail of despair, to this confession of incompetency and helplessness, falls far short of effectiveness. Industrial education aims to reach these conditions. It first aims to bring the benighted masses into conscious relationship with their own environments. It comes to teach these despairing people how to work out their own salvation by the tools and instrumentalities that are indigenous to their habitations. If agriculture must, for a long time to come, be the chief occupation of our people, then let their education for a long time to come be inclusive of all that which makes for thrift and intelligence in husbandry. If engineers, carpenters, plumbers, printers, wagon-makers, brick-makers, electricians, and other artisans are needed to build up and develop the rich resources of the com-

munities in which they must live, is it not wise to train our own people to do all of this work so masterfully as to give them a monopoly against all others? It has been predicted already that the colored people will some day own the South, but this ownership can be realized only by the exercise of thrift, character and practical intelligence that can be gained in the best of the industrial schools.

It is not the contention of this article that Industrial Education must be the limit of education for colored people. We believe with Dr. Rankin, of Howard University, that "any system of education for the Negro that does not open to him the golden gate of the highest culture will fail on the ethical and spiritual side." At the same time the creators of wealth,—the great captains of industry, who are the real builders of communities,—have been those who wrought intelligently with their hands. The demand for colored artisans of all kinds is always in excess of the supply. The supply of lawyers, doctors and ministers and other professions, always exceeds the demand. The race is not only poor in the resources and means of wealth, but poor also in the practical intelligence that creates wealth.

It will prove an immeasurable blunder if we shall now lack the foresight to provide for our young men and women the kind of training that will enable them to do everything in the line of industries that will equip them to become the real builders of the future greatness of the South. If by our neglect the master mechanics and skilled laborers of other races must be called into the South to do this work the Negro will be relegated to a position of hopeless servitude.

The advocates of industrial education are laying the foundation broad and deep for the future as well as providing for the present. They are wisely seeking to widen the Negro's sphere of usefulness. They realize the danger of equipping young colored men and women for occupations from which they are excluded by an unyielding prejudice. They are aiming to teach our aspiring young people that the positions and occupations from which they are now barred are not more honorable or more remunerative than those which they are permitted to enter, if they but carry the proper training and intelligence into those occupations. It teaches that the prizes of life lie along every pathway in which intelligence and character walk arm in arm. A professional man is not better than a mechanic unless he has more intelligence. An intelligent blacksmith is worth more to a community than an incompetent doctor, a hungry lawyer or an immoral minister.

The time is coming, aye, is now here, when a colored graduate from a school of domestic science will be more honored and better paid than are many white women who now hold the positions colored women cannot enter. The time is coming when there will be no excuse for a colored young woman to remain in soul-destroying idleness, because she cannot obtain a clerkship. She can be trained in an industrial school for positions that she can fill and still be socially eligible among those who make "society." An increasing respect is being shown to the young man or woman who is brave enough to learn a trade and follow it with pride and honor. The graduate from an industrial school finds a place

awaiting him or her with a good salary. The graduates from Dr. Jones's Cooking School, in Richmond, Va., receive from \$14 to \$16 per week, while the untrained cook receives \$5 per week. The graduates from Provident Hospital and Training School receive from \$15 to \$25 per week for their services; the untrained nurse not more than \$6 per week. These instances are fair examples of how direct and immediate is the value of industrial training added to individual worth. These schools are every day creating new opportunities for honorable and well paid employment. The graduates of schools of this kind are seldom mendicants for employments. They have won their independence and their efficiency is a part of the good in every community in which they live and work.

The graduates of Hampton, Tuskegee and other industrial schools are the advance guard of efficiency and conquest. They touch more sides of the life of a community than any other class of our educated people. Rich and poor, black and white, prejudiced and unprejudiced, those who dread "Negro domination" and those who expect it, must all at one time or another ask for the service of the best trained artisan in the community. Along every pathway of material progress in that great undeveloped country south of the Ohio, we will soon begin to read all sorts of evidences of what industrial education has done for these black builders of a new empire of power.

The heroic efforts of Dr. Washington and others to furnish a system of education that shall be of the greatest good to the greatest number, should not and

does not discourage what is called the higher education. In their tastes and aptitudes our young men and women are like those of other races. The doors of the universities are always open to the few who have the gifts and tastes for scholarship. The passion for higher education has not seemed to diminish as a consequence of the development of industrial schools. Every year witnesses a large number of Negro graduates from the best universities of the country. Many of these college graduates find their way down to Tuskegee, proving that Dr. Washington insists upon giving his Tuskegee students the advantage of studying under the best educated Negroes in the country.

The colored people are entitled to the best possible education that this country can afford, but this education should fit them for the life they must live. It should give as much encouragement to the would-be mechanic and agriculturist as to the would-be teacher, the lawyer or other professions. It should be the special aim to reach helpfully the lives of the thousands who live under conditions peculiarly their own and different from that of any other people.

These schools should educate their graduates toward and not away from the people. The evidence of this kind of education should make itself felt in every honorable relationship that the Negro bears to his community and to his government. Such an education will make the Negro efficient, self-respecting, proud, brave and proof against every prophecy of evil that would consign him to a destiny of "hopeless inferiority."



## ❧ THE RIVER IN THE DELLS ❧

There's a river that flows thro' our dear Northern clime,  
And winds thro' its beautiful dells like a rhyme;  
And there, thro' the seasons, it flows solemnly  
And chants its low song, with a sweet melody;  
And a swan, floating gently upon the clear wave,  
Gives all her white breast to the waters to lave.

And I stood on the bank of that beautiful stream,  
And spake, as the waters sobbed low, in their dream:  
"Oh, stream, what a wonderful picture thou art  
Of the river that flows through the great human heart,  
Reflecting dear forms from the clouds up above;  
Kissing its still shores, and murmuring 'love!'"

And the name of that magical river is "Love;"  
And the swan that floats on it is white as the dove;  
And the name of that swan is "Our Merciful Deeds,"  
And she builds her own nest in the river's green reeds;  
And the river glides peacefully, ever and on—  
'Tho' checkered with shadow, it sparkles anon;  
And thro' all the sorrows that life may impart,  
It flows thro' the beautiful dells in the heart.

JAMES D. CORROTHERS

## ❖ A TRIP TO PARADISE ❖

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF A NEW YORKER IN THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA

\* BY JOHN C. FREUND \*

## SEVENTH LETTER

CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL,  
KINGSTON, ISLAND OF JAMAICA,

Tuesday, April 21, 1903.

**T**HAT there is plenty of opportunity for American trade in this island is shown by the fact that, of the exports which are worth some ten millions of dollars, only a quarter go to Great Britain and nearly the whole of the balance to the United States, but, while England manages to sell Jamaica two-thirds of its imports, the United States can only sell it about one-third. In plain words, Jamaica is getting the best of us.

Considering the love for music of the population and the great musical ability of the Negro, who, in an incredibly short time, can learn to play, at least by ear, the violin or banjo, it is extraordinary that our American musical instrument houses have made so little effort to push their goods here. While, of course, a large part of the population is very poor, still a number of them own their own homes and have a few dollars put by, and so are in a position to pay a modest price for some instrument. As the colored people here are careful, saving, and in business transactions are uniformly honest, you can see what an opportunity there is for a pushing house which will try and adapt itself to

local conditions, local ideas, and perhaps to local prejudices.

The employees of the traction and other transportation companies are, naturally colored men, as are most of the employees in the custom house, in the post office and the other government departments. In the more important positions you will find mulattoes principally. They also occupy the best positions in the business houses and in the stores.

Take them all together, they will compare favorably with their white



Photograph by John C. Freund  
A STREET IN SPANISH TOWN

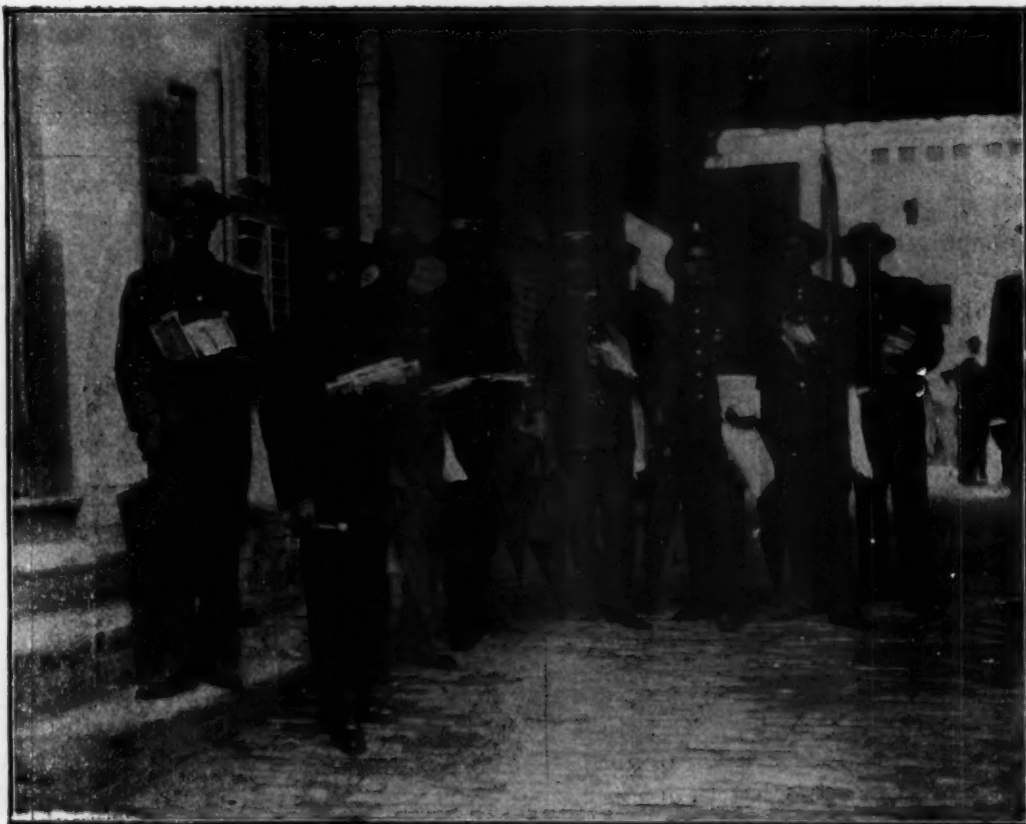
brothers in the States in similar positions, and, in many instances, surpass them in the habitual courtesy and kindly attitude they display to everybody.

I send you a photograph of a group of postmen. I think you will agree with me that they look intelligent, neat and like men who have a certain self-respect, which impels them to do their duty to the utmost of their ability. Of the motormen and conductors on the trolley lines I have seen a good deal, and cannot but commend their unfailing politeness and desire to be accommodating to passengers, especially to strangers who are

impelled by necessity to ask them many questions.

As the colored people here emerge from the debased condition in which they existed during the old slave-holding times, they are beginning to display qualities which would be commendable in the best white men.

Before I go any further on this subject, let me say that my argument is not a plea for the colored man. It is not intended to be a defense of his rights, real or fancied. I have no desire, even for a moment, to offend the susceptibilities of the Southerners. My plea goes beyond any question of color.



Photograph by Brennan, of Kingston

KINGSTON POSTMEN



This is my creed:

If you give humanity fair conditions, something like adequate opportunity; if you let hope enter into the breast; if your attitude be but reasonable and just, the result will be the same in the great majority of cases, whether the color be black or white, brown or yellow.

The colored man, when treated as a human being, proves, everywhere, at least where I have seen him, that he is entitled to confidence, that he is willing to work, and that he is more than ready to display many good qualities, the chief of which are loyalty and wonderful amiability of temperament.

To me, I must admit, it has always seemed extraordinary that so many people in the South, who consider it almost a crime against themselves to entrust a negro with a vote, do not hesitate for one minute to entrust the rearing of their children to a negro "mammy," and experience shows that it is rare that their confidence is abused. Certainly, among the better class in the South—I mean in a material sense—the negro "mammy" has had much to do in the rearing of the white race as the mothers themselves.

There is another point which I do not desire to evade, as it constantly comes up, and is given as the cause of those frightful lynchings in the States, the horrors of which are too awful to describe.

How much of the responsibility for the crimes that produce these lynchings must rest with the whites themselves, whose ancestors, for generations, used the negro, and especially the negro woman, in a way to put even the horrors of the Siberian prisons in the shade?

As justice, right and truth breed justice, right and truth—as liberty breeds

free men—just so do dishonor, cruelty, rapine and crime bring forth their natural fruit.

In discussing this much-discussed question, we need not philanthropy, but justice. We need no evasion of the real issue, but we do need a frank confession as to where the original fault lay.

For years, as we know, the church itself upheld slavery. For years the black people were seized in their villages and homes, and brought, with indescribable cruelty, to the plantations in the States and West Indies.

They were treated as chattels, not as human creatures. They had no rights which any one was bound to respect.

Suddenly—they were free!

Put it as you will, it is astonishing that, in little more than a generation from the day of the Emancipation Proclamation, hundreds of thousands of them have become decent, law-abiding, reputable citizens, who own their own homes, conduct stores, and this is just as true of the colored people here as it is true of the colored people in the States. Some even have managed to raise themselves to positions of eminence, as lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, writers and representatives in Congress.

I do not believe the world's history can show an evolution so rapid.

Is not the main difficulty in all discussions of the race problem the result of our following the old rut, and insisting upon approaching the question from a totally wrong point of view?

It is because we do this that even men who are anxious to do what is right in the matter are beset by difficulties and obstacles, and so fail to find a reasonable solution for conditions which, we must

admit, are, in many places, intolerable.

If we will look at a man as we should, that is to say, found our estimate of him on his character, on his ability, on his integrity, we should not go far wrong; but if we approach a man already prejudiced against him, because of some natural peculiarity, or because he is differently formed, or has a different color to ourselves; it is obvious that we shall be inclined to regard him with disfavor, or with aversion, even though he may be, from every rational standpoint, a better man than ourselves.

I have read so much in romances in years gone by of Port Royal and the wild doings in the old piratical days, that I determined to pay the place a visit. On inquiry, I found that a steamer went across the bay at regular intervals from the Government wharf. So we drove down through long rows of old cannon balls, gun carriages and all kinds of junk, consisting of pieces of armor-plate and revolving turrets for battleships, which lay piled up.

At the time I was told where the steamer started I thought that it was curious that it should leave from Government property, but concluded that it was but one of the many peculiarities of the island. When we arrived at the end of the wharf, the steamer, somewhat larger than an ordinary tugboat, came alongside, puffing away, and presently discharged the passengers, who were soldiers in khaki, white and colored sailors and a number of colored women with baskets.

My wife and I got on board and took our places in the stern, expecting, of course, that somebody would come along later on, to collect our fares. The pas-

sengers going over to the island were also soldiers, sailors and colored women with baskets.

A gentleman presently seated himself alongside us and got into conversation. He told us he was a member of the band at Port Royal. Incidentally, it came out that we had no right on the steamer at all, inasmuch as it was a Government enterprise, and run only for the accommodation of the officials, officers, men of the garrison, and the people who went over there to work in the dockyards or in the laundries or other places in the camp.

"You ought to have obtained a permit from one of the Government officials before going over on the boat," said the gentleman.

By that time we were half way across.

"What's to be done?" said I.

"Well," said he, "I suppose they will take you out all right, but the question will then come up—how are you going to get back?"

On this, I made straightway for the captain, told him how we had come on board under the mistaken idea that the boat was a public conveyance, and that I trusted that I should put him to no trouble, but that I didn't exactly know what to do.

"Oh," said he, in a very amiable way, "I have a pass myself, on which I will forward you and the lady to Port Royal, and bring you both back to Kingston."

I can fancy an American or English captain under similar circumstances. I doubt whether they would have been so amiable as this captain was.

When we reached Port Royal, which, as I wrote you before, is a strong English military and naval base, we did not

get very far in our perambulations before we were stopped by a soldier, who had evidently been sent after us, and who told us that while we might be permitted to walk about the parade ground, the fortifications were secret, and nobody was admitted to them.

While we were debating what to do with our time before the boat sailed again, and saw no other way out except to watch a game of cricket between some white and colored soldiers, we were relieved by a shower, which suddenly came up, and which was the first rain we had seen since we have been on the island.

We promptly fled for shelter under the veranda of a building, which must belong to the commissariat, as great truckloads of newly baked bread were disposed around. Some mulatto clerks and others were at work in a room. They at once jumped up, invited us in, offered us chairs, and told us to make ourselves comfortable till the storm was over. Again we had an opportunity of meeting the kindly courtesy of the colored people.

Luckily, the storm began to blow over before the boat returned, so that we managed to get on board without getting wet, thanks to rubber coats, which our amiable colored friends insisted upon our using till we reached the steamer.

When we got back to Kingston, we found that, in spite of the rain that had fallen at Port Royal, only some six to eight miles away, not a drop had fallen in Kingston, so that the place still maintained its unbroken record for dryness.

In the afternoon we took the train to Spanish Town, the old capital of the

island, when it was under Spanish rule.

The scene in the railroad depot was animated. With a few exceptions, the passengers were all colored people, with their bundles and their children, their interminable good humor, and their equally interminable chatter.

On the way we had an opportunity of seeing something of the fine system of irrigation which is used in the banana and cocoanut plantations.

When we got out at the depot at Spanish Town we were at once set upon by an army of colored drivers, who can give points to the fiends who make the air blue when lined up on the curb of the Grand Central Station in New York. I had positively threatened to knock down two of the fellows in order to make a passage for myself and my wife. Each driver not only advocated the superior merits of his steeds, but underbid his neighbor, till one fellow finally offered to take us out the rest of the afternoon for a dollar.

To prove that these people are not lacking in business ability, and that the hackney coach driver is the same all over the world, let me say that I paid him eight dollars before the afternoon was over, but he not only showed us all over the town, but took us a long drive along what is known as the "Bog Walk," a road which runs through a ravine, by the side of a river with many cascades, and is one of the most beautiful places I have ever visited, though for a space of two miles it has been spoiled by the water being turned into a long line of unsightly iron conduits, which convey the water for the power house which runs the cable roads and makes the electric light.





Photograph by Brennan, of Kingston

THE MONUMENT TO ADMIRAL RODNEY

I got a fairly good snapshot at one of streets in Spanish Town, and I also took a picture in the main square, while a little brown boy looked at me with open-mouthed astonishment. I think you will see him in the picture, if you use it.

The houses in Spanish Town are much on the Spanish type. Indeed, they show the Spanish influence much more than the houses in Kingston. I also send you a photograph of the fine building known as the King's Palace, which used to be the Governor-General's home till it was moved to Kingston, as well as a photograph of the colonnade, in which is the

statue of Admiral Rodney, of whose great victory over the French I have already written you, the victory which is one of the glories of the English school-boy's history.

On our way back to Kingston we met, in our compartment, an old gentleman, who, in the course of conversation, turned out to be a graduate of Cambridge University, England. He had a son who had distinguished himself in the war in South Africa.

I had a very interesting discussion with him with regard to the policy England is pursuing with her colonies. I contrasted her mild and generous treatment of the

colored people with the attitude to them manifested in some portions of the States. Then we reverted back to old college days, so that the time passed very pleasantly till we reached Kingston. There is a fraternity between university men which causes them to have a kindly feel-for one another, especially when they meet far away from home.

I told you that after we had visited Spanish Town we drove along the celebrated "Bog Walk." We stopped at a comfortable little inn, kept by colored people, and got a glass of good beer.

I wish I could give you some adequate description of how beautiful the road



Photograph by John C. Freund  
A HOUSE IN SPANISH TOWN



ON BOG WALK



Photograph by John C. Freund

## CASCADE NEAR KINGSTON

was through which we drove. Fancy a deep ravine, where at every turn some new glorious picture of nature presents itself in the rays of the setting sun, with the mountains on each side of you, the water rushing down from the rocks and boulders, the green foliage of the trees all combined to make a picture so charming, so restful to the eye, that I see it still before me.

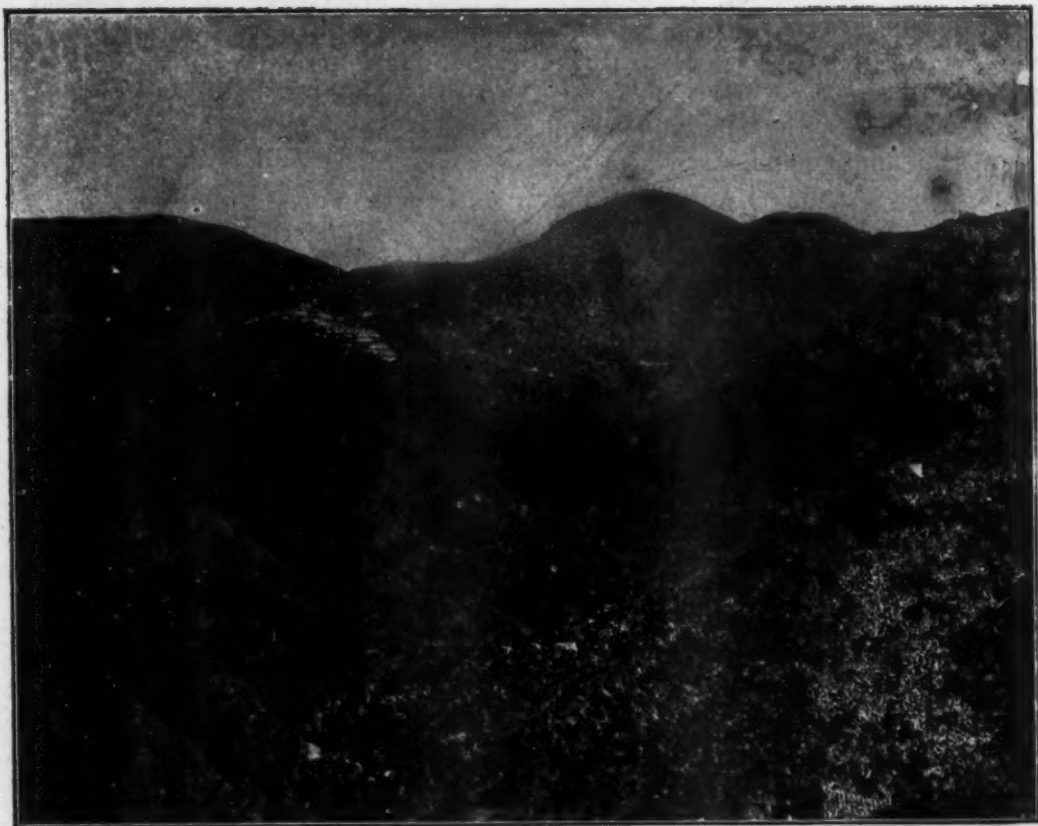
Our last expedition from the hotel was to drive into the mountains to Gordontown, a pretty village about seven miles away, of which I send you a photograph and also a picture of a cascade, which

comes tumbling over the rocks.

On our return from Gordontown, our driver said that we ought to take a trip to Newcastle, 'way up in the mountains, where the English soldiers have a camp.

The road to Newcastle lies through the mountains, right along the edge of a precipice, and commands a series of most enchanting views. Our driver took us about five miles. Then, as we had to get back to dinner, he turned his horses round at a point, where, certainly, another six inches would have sent us down a sheer descent of two thousand feet or more, but he managed it all very





Photograph by Brennan, of Kingston

NEWCASTLE—THE ENGLISH CAMP ON THE MOUNTAIN TO THE LEFT

skillfully, though my heart was in my mouth several times during the descent.

On the road back he let his horses go with a loose rein. How he did it is more than I can tell. I have often driven a pair myself, and know what it is to hold on like grim death, when you are going down hill, lest the horses should stumble and send you over their heads into another and better world. But, if it is no small task to hold up a pair of horses going down an ordinary hill, what do you think our feelings were, when this colored man let his horses go free when every fifty to a hundred yards there was a turn in the road, and this road ran

along the edge of a precipice, so that a single false step would have sent us into eternity, and heaven knows what would have happened if we had met another carriage, for the road was certainly barely wide enough to enable us to pass.

The driver, however, seemed to have perfect command of his horses, but, with all that, we breathed more easily when we were out on the level plain again and headed for home.

We are to sail tomorrow morning, and, as I want a good night's rest, I shall retire early.

I need not tell the clerk to have me called, as I am quite sure the jackass on

the farm in the rear of the hotel will call me with his Jekyll and Hyde bray promptly at 4 A. M.

I am smoking by the open window of my room. The mountain range in the distance looks grand and ghostly in the starlight. The only sign of life is the gleam of the electric car, as it whisks by in the distance, half a mile away.

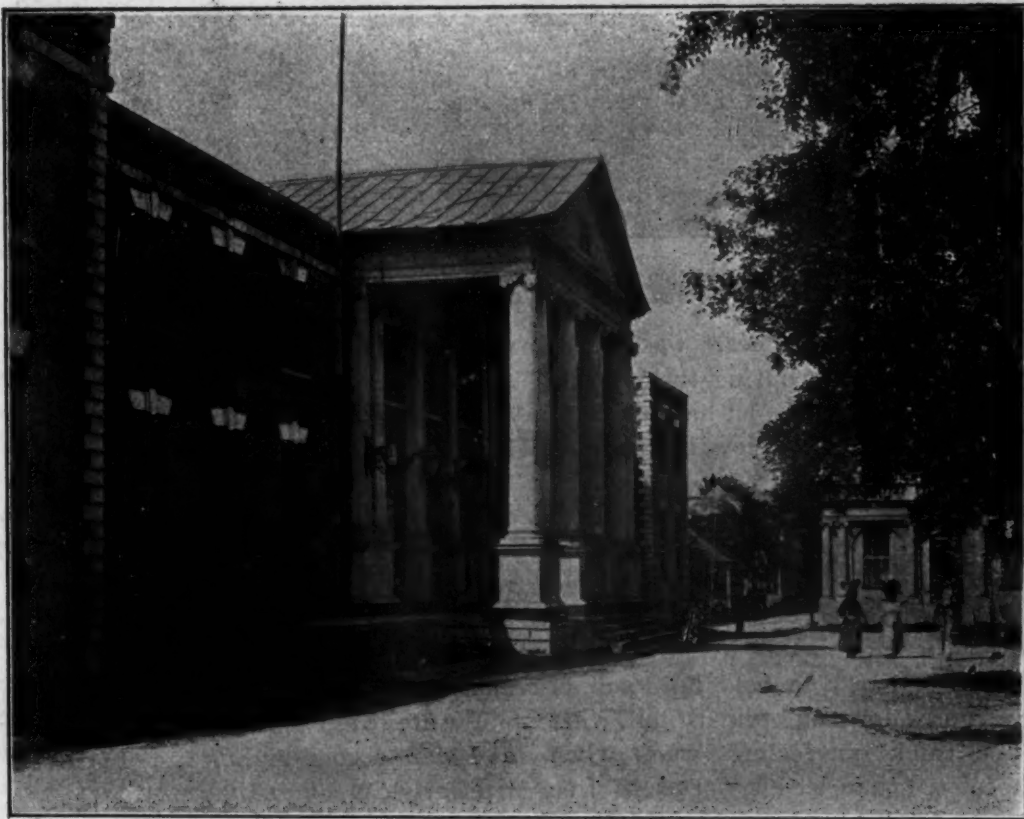
A wondrous feeling of peace pervades the scene. You can think things over without the trouble and turmoil of the world, with its cares, its groans, and its odors to disturb and distract you.

We have been among these people about two weeks and I have endeavored

to investigate the race problem at close range, under conditions sufficiently different from those that exist in the States, to enable me to reach a fair and unbiased opinion.

If I am to express my whole thought, I would say that there is behind it all, not only centuries of human injustice, not merely the long record of man's inhumanity to man, but the determination which seems to be irradical in human nature, of the strong few to live at the expense of the many who are weak.

Put it as we may, the prejudice against the colored man on account of his color has back of it the desire to use his labor



Photograph by A. Duperly and Sons, of Kingston

THE KING'S HOUSE, SPANISH TOWN



Photograph by Brennan, of Kingston

#### A CATCH OF TURTLES

without giving him an adequate return, for the world has always been divided into two classes—the many who are willing to earn what they consume and the few who are not willing to give a fair equivalent for what they consume, and so make laws and keep up armies and navies to maintain privileges which should never have existed.

No man believes more strongly than I do in property rights. No man is more absolutely antagonistic to the Socialistic idea, to the idea that all men are equal, or can be made equal, than I am; but when we get right down to it, when we put away all side issues, when we get at

the root of things to discover why there is trouble and strife and prejudice and wrong in the world, we shall find that it is not because men are cruel and wicked and dishonest, but because, in the course of time, we have built up a privileged class, and the great mass of the people, whether black or white, brown or yellow, labor from morn till night to support this class, and thus receive no adequate return for their labor.

Historians, philosophers, scientists, will tell you that present conditions came out of the crude life of our ancestors, when the man who worked, whether in field, farm or factory, had to be pro-



tected and had to pay for protection against those who would have robbed him out of the fruit of his labor. Thus it was that the profession of arms became the employment of many, was honored and regarded as necessary for the protection of the state.

But out of this condition grew evils, till finally we have a situation where the great producing mass of the world, the toilers, must give up the major part of the result of their labor to those who have become under the law owners of property. Now, there is a vast difference between property which a man legitimately acquires by his own labor, by his intelligence, by his thrift, by the

superiority of his efforts over the efforts of others around him, and the property which is acquired by trick or artifice, violence or fraud, by a stroke of the pen, by the watering of stocks and bonds, by all the unjust means known to us of to-day, as they were known to our forefathers.

Where and how to draw the line is the problem which must concern statesmanship in the future.

Believe me, that I am not far from the truth when I tell you that back of the so-called race problem is the desire to keep the Negro down so that he may never realize the value of his own work.

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### ♣ LINES TO THE LATE COLONEL PLEDGER ♣

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I am sad and lonely,  
And the way is dark and drear—  
Since thou hast gone away,—  
Since thou art no longer near.

The way is dark and dreary,  
And I am sad and weary,  
Since thou hast gone away.  
Like a tall tree sighing—  
Like a March wind dying—  
My soul is bowed to-day.

O, I am sad and lonely,  
And the way is dark and drear,—  
Since thou art no longer near,—  
I am so sad—so lonely.

TIMOTHY THOMAS FORTUNE

## THE RETURNING ROAD OF DREAMS

( Continued from May number )

"And must men, such as myself, wait until a generation or two has carried forth the work of Dr. Hushington before we can compel justice and a fair opportunity? Are our aspirations to be dampened because we do not take up the popular cry and follow the crowd? Artisans, I admit, are indispensable to every race; but it is the dreamer, the idealist, the worker in art, who carries forth the civilization of a people. Is it the wealth and commerce of medieval Florence which has given that city fame and influence in the world? No; it is because Arnolfo built his churches there, Dante walked the streets and dreamed the *Vita Nuova* and *Divine Comedy*; because Grotto's *Madonnas* and *Crucifixions*, and *Da Vinci's Last Supper* hang within its walls."

"But I repeat, Edward," the doctor rejoined with emphasis, "our first considerations should be the welfare of the masses. All else will come in good time."

Doane rose to leave. The two men passed to the front door in silence. The air outside was frosty, though the day had given signs of increasing warmth.

"I will see you again in a day or two," Doane remarked as he grasped the doctor's hand.

"You will have learned then what's new about town, which will make needless my informing you," observed the doctor, weaving about the words in his mind, fancies which he cherished for the young in a particular direction, and

which he felt were now explicable from recent events.

"Good night, doctor," and Doane, descending the steps, took his leave.

"Good night, Edward," the doctor responded and stood watching the young man's retreating figure until it passed out of the gate and beyond the next house, where the shadows swallowed it.

Dr. Cameron shut his door to the night outside and returned to his library. He pondered long over this strange flower of his race, Edward Doane. Of one thing he was convinced; and this, that some day the world would be busy about the young man's doings; but he was concerned that Doane should not suffer in his efforts to catch the ear and eye of the world.

"Ah, if he would only settle down with a good sympathizing wife and stick to his writings instead of roaming about the country," thought the good doctor; "he's too restless." A leavening of love in his composition would open his eyes, and switching the current, the doctor thought briefly of his own happy married life. "Now, there is that dear little Drina Warring," he continued in his thoughts. "I'll speak to Mockton to-morrow about his niece. He is fond of Doane and believes in him. We must save Edward for his own sake, as well as ours; and this is the best way. Settled here for a few years with close industry to his writings, he will do something."

The doctor rose quite satisfied with his ingenious scheme; in a few minutes the room was dark.

## II.

Doane had now been at Farport some days, and had seen many of his old acquaintances; few of these had he called upon, meeting them for the most part in passing on the street. He took up his duties at the Association, but as these were not arduous and afforded him much freedom he fell into his former custom of taking long and solitary walks over the beaches and along the stretches that invaded Paradise Valley, and continued beyond to Pawton and the surrounding country, a distance of about six or seven miles from Farport.

The battle between winter and spring was raging to a climax. Already there were signs of winter's weakening; spring gave visible hopes of triumph with each succeeding morning, which brought balmy airs and softer skies. But it was the sea—the great wide heaving plains of blue washing round the shores of the little town—which sounded the first positive note of spring's victory. Somehow the land seemed to wait for the sea's initiative; and though less prodigal of sanguinity at the beginning, even it soon broke its reticence and added its notes of early birds and crocuses to the triumphal advance of spring's pageantry.

This re-awakening of nature had its effects upon Doane. And what poet and dreamer has it ever failed to stir! For Doane to remain away from the scene of nature's resurrection was to slight and offend the solicitations of his mistress—the Muse. Early morning and late afternoon found Doane in the open of beach and uplands. Here he forgot the sordidness of the human whirlpool. The bustle fret, the feverish endeavors, carping failures, and empty

successes of men were not permitted by him to blemish the divinity of nature. Looking across the boundless ocean, he felt his soul grow stronger than its waters; and gazing aloft into the infinite skies, he believed his mind to encompass and transcend them. Dreams possessed him, and he knew the ecstasy of Walt Whitman's line:

"I hold the universe in my breast."

These scenes and feelings cured Doane's soul of the terrible morbidness and unrest he brought with him to Farport. He grew sane and calm. He took in beautiful dreams and gave forth wonderful lyrics. He very nearly became wholly satisfied; approached very close to possessing that perfection of happiness which a man may know who has added to his life the joy of love. But out of this cup Doane had never tasted, and he did not suspect how near it was to his lips.

## III.

Dr. Cameron saw Mr. Mockton as he intended. This gentleman was a retired caterer, who had managed to save a comfortable fortune to maintain his old age, which was beginning to creep upon him. His wife had died a score of years past, leaving him a boy of twelve years, whom he raised and educated, but whose subsequent life forced the old gentleman to abandon him to his injudicious ways. At the time of this complete rupture Mr. Mockton presented his son with a portion, embodying the understanding that at his death he was not to receive any part in cash or property of what his father left behind. From this time on Mr. Mockton lived alone, until the advent of his niece, whom he intended to make his legatee. All that was possible



Mr. Mockton did for his niece's happiness. Though she had not been living with him but six months, in that time he thought often of securing a suitable husband for her. He wished that she might marry and be happy under his roof while he was yet with her to watch and be happy in her happiness. His mind, therefore, was susceptible to the proposition that Dr. Cameron submitted to him. He knew Doane, and thought well of him; believed him to be one of the coming men of his race, but his intense absorption in his literary works and hopes dampened the old man's ideas from entertaining any hopes that Doane would consider taking steps in a matrimonial way.

Dr. Cameron, however, won him over to look at the question from his point of view. "He must not leave this place for the next three or four years," the doctor was explaining, "or else we'll lose hope of his ever accomplishing anything in literature."

"That is very evident," returned Mr. Mockton. "Each time he goes away and returns he brings little else but the smirch of the city's turmoil, and this smirch is ever in the worst of places—his soul. It is as you say doctor, he needs a wife to make him do his best, right here; and my niece is the girl for him. She'll be proud of a husband like Doane in time; and he'll thank God some day for giving him a girl like her."

"Well, we'll see how they make it when they meet. Has he been over to see you?"

"Not yet, doctor."

"I don't believe he has ever cared for a girl—that is, very seriously," and the

doctor put his memory to test for a proof of this remark in Doane's confidences, which he enjoyed.

"No," replied Mr. Mockton, taking on a visible pride. "He has never met one like my Driana. She is fond of poetry and such things as he likes. She's been tuning me up on the fine points of Ruskin, Arnold, and Pater, and such men this winter. Besides, she's pretty enough to take any man's eye. But just leave it to her when she tells him what she knows about Sweetness and Light, and this fuss about the Celtic revival, and the French Naturalists and Symbolists; and this fellow Tolstoi, who has knocked over every kind of aristocracy from emperor to peasant. But he need never fear her mind being full of these things, her hands won't keep his house clean and his socks darned. She's got that wisdom and common sense, which has taken the best from the teachings of Dr. Hushington, with the best of Professor De Prois' and solved the problem—for herself, at any rate."

"And she'll solve the problem for him," put in the doctor.

"We must arrange to bring them together soon," Mr. Mockton opined.

"You and Drina come over to dinner Sunday. I'll have him there," the doctor planned. He smiled as he thought how serious it all seemed, and added; "I was never a matchmaker before, Mockton; even in this little affair, I believe myself to be invading woman's province; but it is interesting, and I'll watch the courtship, if it comes to that, with zest."

Mr. Mockton agreed, and the two men parted.

Two days after the conversation be-

tween Mr. Mockton and Dr. Cameron, Doane went as usual for a walk over the beaches. It was middle afternoon and quite warm. Upon reaching the end of the first beach, instead of crossing over the hill and descending to the next, he went by way of the cliffs, which ran around the little peninsular of Weston's point, returning backward on the northern side. Not far from the road on this side of the Point, but hidden by sharp rises and huge rocks, was situate the Hades, a great cleft in the side of the cliffs, forming a narrow canon, fifteen feet wide at the crest, and sixty-five feet deep. The sea rushed in here a considerable distance, foaming and roaring in ceaseless tumult. It was a favorite place for tourists who visited it in large numbers during the summer months. But at this time of the year one seldom met a person in the vicinity. To Doane's surprise, when he reached the Hades, there sat below on one of the ledges of the cliffs, a lady. A small book lay on her knees, out of which at the time she was not reading, her eyes gazing toward the horizon line of the sea. As Doane approached she turned, attracted by the noise of his feet on the rocks. In doing so, one knee lowered from the level position of the other, and the book slipped off, descending to the rocks beneath.

Doane immediately climbed down the rocks and recovered the book. Returning to the lady's side, he restored it; the owner thanking him graciously for his trouble. After muttering something about it being a "slight service, a pleasure for me to rescue anything Pater has written"—he had noticed the book's title, "Duke Carl of Rosenmold,"—he

lifted his hat and pressed up the rocks, wondering who this young colored lady could be, who was there alone at that high altar of Nature, reading Pater's "Duke Carl of Rosenmold."

It must be confessed that during the rest of Doane's walk his thoughts dwelt little upon nature. A divinity quite as eternal and inexplicable usurped that mistress' place in his dreams. Suddenly the young man's eyes opened upon a new existence, and he became as a child, full of wonderment at the moon, and charmed with its glamor of white magic.

That evening Doane dropped in to see Dr. Cameron. He sat in his accustomed chair in the doctor's library, and smoked ecstatically one of his host's best cigars. Dr. Cameron watched the young man with curious interest. He started many times to break his friend's silence with some questions he particularly wished to ask; but there shown such a new and mysterious light in Doane's face, which he could neither avoid nor understand, he allowed the time unconsciously to pass while he attempted to work out premises.

Doane at last rose to take his leave.

"I have been a very uncommunicative guest this evening, doctor. I was thinking over something that occurred today."

"I hope it was a particularly happy occurrence," the doctor observed.

"Yes, it was."

"Let me offer you another one on Sunday, Edward, by asking you to come here and dine at two o'clock. Don't disappoint me, for I promise you a pleasant time."

"Thanks for the invitation, doctor, I'll be here. Good night:" and receiv-

ing the doctor's good night, Doane went home.

#### IV.

The day of the dinner was Palm Sunday. At quarter to two o'clock, Doane rang the doctor's bell. Mrs. Cameron, who opened the door, told him he would find the doctor in the library. There the doctor and Mr. Mockton received him. "Ah, how do you do, Mr. Mockton?" Doane exclaimed, approaching the elderly gentleman with outstretched hand, and nodding to the doctor.

"Well, Edward," responded Mr. Mockton with feigned injury in his tone, "I had expected you would have been over to Greendale Lane to find out before this."

"I don't think Edward has performed his duty toward you," interpolated the doctor to Mr. Mockton.

Doane begged forgiveness.

"Perhaps you will see more of him in the future," suggested Dr. Cameron, winking slyly to Mr. Mockton.

"We'll decide that at dinner," Mr. Mockton proposed, veiling a query Doane could not penetrate. Mrs. Cameron announcing that dinner was ready, the gentlemen proceeded to the dining-room.

Of course, Doane was unprepared for the denouement, and was accordingly a trifle unbalanced in composure to behold the cause of his gallantry on the cliffs a visitor in Dr. Cameron's house. And this did not escape the notice of Mr. Mockton, Dr. Cameron, and Mrs. Cameron, who was let in the secret, though they knew nothing of the former meeting.

"I have the honor of presenting you to Mr. Mockton's niece, Miss Drina

Warring. This is my very dear young friend, Mr. Edward Doane," said the doctor, introducing the young people.

"I have the honor of a slight acquaintance with Mr. Doane," said Miss Warring, accepting the young man's hand, and smiling.

It was now the doctor's and Mr. Mockton's turn to be mystified. But the situation being explained by the young lady, the two older men laughed heartily at their being outdone in a manner.

The dinner passed pleasantly. When it was over Doane was a captured man. In the early dusk of the evening, Doane accompanied uncle and niece to their home, which, on reaching, Mr. Mockton invited him to enter. Doane accepted the invitation, and added a joyful evening to a pleasant afternoon.

Dr. Cameron's inference that Mr. Mockton would probably see more of Doane in the future came true. During Holy Week the young man was at the Greendale Lane house very often. Two afternoons found them at the Hades. On the first visit Doane had asked Miss Warring to take along the little volume of "Duke Carl of Rosenmold." Sentiment prompted the request, which began to grow to flower within him, and it did not lose significance on Miss Warring's susceptibility. He read from the book, and together they discussed this precursor of German idealism.

"He is what I should like to be for the idealism that must come to our race," Doane remarked, turning the meaning of subject.

"You will find it a harder task than Duke Carl confronted.

"Yes, the times are different, and



men also," Doane assented. "But the dream is with me, and if my environment will let me live sufficiently in the spirit, surely the hope is not a presumptuous one."

"I sympathize with you; I believe in you."

"Oh, Drina, it is so strengthening to hear you say so." Doane was unconscious of having uttered Miss Warring's christian name: but the young lady did not reprove him, for she was too deeply submerged in a delicious ecstasy of feelings which drowned her speech.

They looked out to sea in silence. After all, was this life an illusion? And that sea which at times of great tempests seemed to pull its reins free from the hands of God? and these rocks on which they sat, thousands on thousands of years old? Were these things here only to remain?

"Till a god self-slain on its own strange altar,  
Death lies dead?"

On Easter Sunday Doane accompanied Mr. Mockton and Drina to church. It was a beautiful April day, soft and warm, with everywhere joyfulness and glory in man and nature. After service, Doane took dinner with uncle and niece, and later in the afternoon the two young people went for a walk. The Hades had grown very dear to them, and instinctively they went there.

And here is the end of Edward Doane's returning road of dreams. He had passed as one who traveled a trail in a dense wood. Now had he come to the open. Coming out of the thick, gloomy enclosure, the brilliant sunlight bursting upon his sensitive eyes, for a

while he was bewildered; but as time went on the lights became soft and sweet and he found it a blessing and comfort.

The symbol of Easter became an epoch in his soul. To the world it meant the regeneration of spiritual life; to nature the re-vitalization of leaf and flower; and to Doane's soul both in the new life that came to him.

"Drina," he said, as they both watched the sea, "I am very happy to-day."

"All mankind should be, on this day," innocence returned.

"I am happy for that reason, but for other things, too."

"Oh!" was all Drina's tongue could utter, for what she had heard forbode a revelation.

"Because you are my Easter." Doane went on.

"To-day Christ triumphed over sin and evil. He conquered death, and gave to life a great glory. I have done nothing so large."

"Yes, you have conquered my heart, and given a glory to my life."

Miss Warring was silent; even so was the sea and the winds upon it; but those last words were like a thunder in her ears.

Doane clasped her hands in his. "Will you help me to become the Duke Carl of my race?" he asked. "Be my spirit of idealism that will make me do the wonderful things that I dream? For I love you."

"Oh, Edward, I will."

"God bless you, dear."

"His blessing came this hour, Edward."

"You are happy, then?"

"Yes, dear."

"Very happy."

"Listen, Edward," and Drina repeated:

'O song of the dreamer, I bid you stay  
And sing in my heart, make glad my  
feet

To run as the winds do, soft and fleet  
Over the dunes and down to the sea,  
Where Love came home in a dream to  
me.'

"Am I not happy when your dream  
has entered my heart?"

"So you are mine, dear?"

"Yes, sweetheart, all yours."

Easter Monday morning Dr. Cameron  
received a little note from Mr. Mockton.  
It read:

"My dear little Drina is very happy;  
and I believe you and I are equally so.  
As for Doane, he has a treasure which I  
believe he will cherish to the end of his  
days."

And Dr. Cameron told his wife.

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

✻ THE END ✻

## WHY WE DRIFT

**T**AKING one small stick in hand we  
can easily break it; putting two  
or more together, we find it very  
difficult to sever them. Thus we arrive  
at the conclusion, that by uniting or by  
union we can be made stronger and more  
able to become a race morally, mentally  
and physically. Not until we have  
made the first and best step, shall we  
ever possess the qualities of a people, as  
a race.

The next thing that deranges the pro-  
gress of our people is race prejudice; it  
is or it seems to be imbedded in the  
flesh; we should lay aside all superfluous  
ideas and instead of pulling and pushing  
(our people) those that are trying to  
make a mark in life, backward, we should  
unite and by union make them stronger  
and better. Now, here is Mr. A., he  
has labored hard and put up a little es-

tablishment, he has coffee, sugar, tea,  
flour, etc., to sell at the same price as  
others. Here comes Mr. B. down the  
street, arms full of groceries, the same  
articles Mr. A. has to sell; he passes by  
Mr. A's establishment and remarks to  
his supposed-to-be friend: "I would not  
buy anything from that Negro, he thinks  
himself better than anybody else, he is  
stuck up, he has the big head, etc."

You can readily see that a jealous  
prejudice exists among our people when  
they make such expressions. Oh! I  
would to God that some plan, some  
way or means could be found whereby  
this evil could be swept out of ex-  
istence.

Can we be a race and practice such  
devices? Ask yourself the question,  
pause; the answer comes home in the  
negative, No!

We want and must have more energy and integrity, more union, and the most of all, respect for our fellow-man. Let him be an outcast, let him be down in life (poverty-stricken), do not push him farther down, but stretch out an aiding hand; he is of our race, our blood and flesh, and if there be any one we should sympathize with, it should be with such. No; our sympathies are too limited.

I repeat, we need more integrity, more union for it is this and this only that will lay the foundation of all that is high in the character of mankind. The world calls for men who are not for sale, and it seems as though the Negro is the only race that is for sale. Oh! how cheap, sometimes, is the price paid.

In conclusion let me say, unite and

practice energy and integrity, and most of all, respect for our fellow-man, equip ourselves with these qualities and we shall become stronger as a race. Let us criticise our acts as a race and thus find the reasons for the evil days that have come to us. Union, integrity and respect for our brothers of the race are the foundation stones of development.

We should cultivate and practice

All habits of self-respect,

And our future would be decorated

With a gem from which prosperity  
would grow.

Of course there are some exceptions to the assertions made above, but I believe the reader will know to whom these words are applicable.

BY JORDAN W. TUTT

### ❖ PATIENCE ❖

**L**IFT up thine eyes, atune anew thy voice,

Catch from the skies the hopeful, glad refrain;

Make for thy soul new gods of hope and love;

The time of singing birds will come again.

Then wait; nor chafe at long delay,

Low in the East the sky is red.

Far to the West the shadows slink away,

The New Hope dawns—the Old is dead! is dead!

BY A. KIRKLAND SOGA

East London, South Africa



**BISHOP I. B. SCOTT, D. D.**

**T**HE selection of Rev. I. B. Scott, D. D., for missionary bishop of Africa in the Methodist Episcopal Church, gives universal satisfaction throughout the church, especially among its colored constituency. In my thought, the election was a distinct triumph for Negro manhood and persistent audacity. It shows, also, that little, if anything, is to be gained by whining on one hand, or blustering on the other, but that united, grim, determined men who know what they want and have the courage to fight for it, are generally victors in the end.

The Anglo-Saxon, with all of his prejudices, loves best the fellow who has the most fight in him. It was no easy thing to elect Dr. Scott; in the first place, there was at least a score of white men who wanted the position, and were willing to go to heaven by way of Africa. Secondly, Bishop J. C. Hartzell, who has had sole charge of the work for eight years, was neither anxious nor willing to have a co-ordinate bishop of any race. It was more than a mere joke when he said to some of us, "It's a mighty nice thing to have a whole continent to yourself." Thirdly, twice before, a black man could have been elected, but he hesitated and lost.

Now, when the white man has popularized the position and laid the continent on the heart of the church as never before, why should a black man be thrust in and made to share the white man's glory? Some questions are too hard to answer; I simply glide over them. But Leonidas' three hundred sol-

diers were, perhaps, no braver, no more loyal to the interests of Greece than were the eighty black men in Los Angeles to the interests of their race and church, though environed with six hundred and twenty-five Anglo-Saxons. It may be said, they went, they fought, they won.

The willingness of Dr. Scott to accept the responsibilities and hardships of the African work, removes from us a criticism, perhaps more than half true—that the black man is unwilling to suffer and, if need be, die for his fellow-man. It was his one opportunity and his last call to forever fling from him the odium of cowardice, and high above the din and roar of the delegates assembled was heard the clarion voice of Dr. Scott, saying, "Here I am, send me!"

The purity and strength of his life; the symmetry and solidity of his character; the breadth and thoroughness of his training; the poise and soundness of his judgment; the warmth and friendliness of his heart; the unassuming modesty and manliness of the man, make him ideally fitted for the bishopric.

As an editor, Dr. Scott has occupied an unique place in Negro journalism. For eight years he was editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, published at New Orleans, La., the organ specially for the colored members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Under his direction, the paper has not only made rapid strides in circulation, but it has risen to a place among the most influential publications of the church. Following always a conservative policy, Dr.

Scott has made the SOUTHWESTERN a potent factor in the elevation of the race and solution of problems most vitally affecting our people.

The best summing up of the election of Dr. Scott which I have seen is the following from the WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE: "As a matter of recognition of the colored section of our membership it was deserved and necessary. As a matter to be interpreted individu-

ally, Dr. Scott, in his modesty, quietness, good sense, intellectual penetration (particularly into the pressing race problem), and scholarly accomplishments, is unquestionable adequately equipped for his post. There is an essential fitness in thus giving Bishop Hartzell as an associate in his vast work a representative of the vast race which is to be redeemed in the dark continent."

X. Y. Z.

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## NEGRO BUSINESS ENTERPRISES IN NEW YORK

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**I**T gives me great pleasure to record, with just and pardonable pride, what our people are doing in pushing forward great schemes in the form of Building and Loan Associations and other enterprises of the greatest importance to the substantial progress of a people who would be something more than charges upon the generosity of their more fortunate brothers of another race—a more intelligent and pushing race, perhaps, but not more honest, industrious or enterprising than we, in future years shall hold ourselves to be.

The mightiest business center of the Western Hemisphere is the City of New York, where our people have a total population of 50,000 out of a total white population of 3,500,000.

In Brooklyn we have the Afro-American Investment and Building Company—now nearly twelve years old—doing a business which enables our people to buy homes on the monthly instal-

ment plan, and assisting others to pay off small mortgages. During eleven and one-half years of business, not a dollar has been lost. The company is well managed and officered. Our shares are one dollar monthly—the maturity value with dues and earnings added being \$250. We have a membership fee of one dollar, and have earned over and above expenses each year, six per cent. The value of holdings is \$35,000.

The Mercantile Realty Company also operates in New York City. They are said to be well managed and are doing helpful work in assisting the people to accumulate property. They also have an insurance department. The scope of the Mercantile Realty Company is National, while the Afro-American Investment and Building Company does business within a radius of sixty miles of the City Hall of Brooklyn. The latter company is under the direct supervision of the superintendent of the State Banking

Department, who has control of all such companies, and its accounts are examined each year by that department.

There has been organized and incorporated, also, the Afro-American Realty Company, which is to be capitalized at \$500,000. They have paid in on this capital \$100,000, and are now operating in real estate, and were successful in leasing ten houses in 134th and 135th streets. This company has a very bright future and will be officered and managed by men of the very highest character and responsibility.

The prosperity of a community depends very largely upon the wage earners, and the prosperity of the earner depends upon his savings. Habits of saving must be cultivated as well as habits of spending, and a man who owns a home will be a better husband, father, and citizen. Building and loan associations help men to be respected citizens. Let us urge upon you to build and own your own homes if you have not already done so. All we have ever asked in New York is that people should not look at our color in opening the door of opportunity to us, but give us a fair show, no more, no less, and as a result we represent exclusive of church property, over \$2,000,000 of real estate.

We have eight established printing offices, doing all kinds of printing, and turning out work equal in point of workmanship to that of the whites. Recently we have purchased and brought to New York an enterprise well known in all sections of the Union and in foreign countries as a race enterprise worthy of carrying forward the banner of racial effort. We refer to the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE. This magazine records the

doings of the race along material lines, and demonstrates to all mankind that we are fit to enjoy all of the privileges and opportunities which are afforded to other races. We are now giving employment to ten colored printers, one book-keeper, one stenographer, two editors, and one general manager, not to mention numerous agents and supernumeraries. Every portion of the work outside of the engraving, is that of the Negro craftsman. Connected with the magazine is a job printing department with the latest appliances for job work, where all sorts of printing is done.

We have the very best newspaper produced by the race, edited and published by that able writer, T. Thomas Fortune.

Mr. James E. Garner is in the house-cleaning business, and is one of the most enterprising and successful business men of the race. He gives steady employment to twenty-five people, and during the busy season has a pay roll of from 75 to 150 persons. Mr. Garner owns the very fine building in which his business is located.

There is also the Virginia Van Company, capitalized at \$5000, running successfully five vans and giving steady employment to fifteen men.

In East Orange, N. J., Mr. James N. Vandervall conducts a carpet cleaning and storage business. The ground on which his plant is built cost \$10,000, and the building, where he operates is worth \$15,000. His business is very profitable, being worth fully \$10,000 per year.

Our most successful caterer is Mr. William A. Heyliger, who does a lucrative business and gives employment to fifteen people steadily, at good wages. Mr. Heyliger is a thorough race man



and is interested in all race enterprises, and a contributor to everything that is for the helpfulness of the race. Mr. Heyliger has an ideal home in the residential section of Brooklyn.

Mr. William H. Smith also does a satisfactory catering business, and has a very nice lunch room located in Cedar street, where he serves the people, generally, irrespective of color. Mr. Smith pays taxes on property valued in the thousands.

One of the newest business concerns is the American Enterprise Butcher and Grocery Store, in west 49th street. This concern is receiving good support from all classes of people.

Mr. Samuel R. Scotton is our leading manufacturer. He conducts a business of over \$25,000 dollars yearly. His goods find a ready sale. He is patronized by such stores as Wanamaker's, Macy, Abraham & Straus, The Siegel Cooper Co., Butler Brothers, and Broadway Rouss. Mr. Scotton has an enviable record as a member of the Board of Education, and chairman of his local committee, which had control of three white schools.

In the undertaking line we have Mr. J. C. Thomas, and Messrs. Overton & Brown, each doing a splendid business. Mr. Thomas does a business of \$50,000 a year, and his business building is worth \$85,000.

The colored people of New York are interesting themselves in many enterprises that promise success, as nearly all of them are based on sound principles, and managed by people in whom the public have confidence. All of the citizens doing business of any kind are members, or have application for membership

filed, in the local business league.

It would pay you if interested in the progress the race is making along business lines, to attend the next annual meeting of the National Negro Business League, which is to meet at Indianapolis, Indiana, on August 30th and 31st, and September 1st, 1904. There you will gain an insight and knowledge of the enterprises engaged in by the colored people throughout the country. It is inspiring to see gathered together men and women in daily attendance upon the conferences, taking careful note of the experiences related by the delegates during the years they have been doing business, and how they gained success. These meetings are largely attended and have proven most helpful. Local business organizations send representatives, and the hospitality of the citizens of the city in which the conferences are held, show due appreciation for the compliment paid them in having their home city selected as the annual place of meeting.

Possibly, an effort will be made to have the next meeting in New York, where the white people will be given an opportunity to learn of the progress the race is making, and will forcibly illustrate the fact that the race is to be encouraged and given every chance in the world of advancement.

To you who read these lines we would say: You should attend the next Business League convention. Railroad fares are always reduced, and the accommodation for visitors at Indianapolis will be at reasonable prices. The officers of the league extend to you a most cordial invitation to be present.

FRED. R. MOORE, Organizer.



## IN THE EDITOR'S SANCTUM

I HAVE read with a great deal of interest the letter of your special correspondent from Atlanta in your issue of May 29, and note what he says regarding the position of Booker T. Washington on the higher education of the Negro.

Please permit me, as a member of the race who keeps in reasonably close touch with the sentiment of our people throughout the country, to say that I am quite sure that the masses of the people thoroughly understand Prof. Washington's position on the ballot and the education of the colored man. On neither of these subjects has he left anything in doubt. All who have read his books or listened to his speeches are convinced for themselves of his true position. In an address delivered recently in Washington city to the race on the subject of education, he had the following to say:—

"We need not only the industrial school but the college and professional school as well, for a people so largely segregated as we are from the main body of the people must have their own professional leaders, who shall be able to measure with others in all forms of intellectual life. It is well to remember, however, that our teachers, ministers, lawyers and doctors will prosper just in proportion as they have about them an intelligent and skillful producing class."

In the same address, on the subject of the ballot and the rights of the Negro, he expressed himself as follows:—

"On the question of the ballot, I say here what I have said many times in the South. As to my own position, I do not approve of the Negro's giving up anything that is fundamental and that is guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States. It is not best for him to relinquish any rights, nor would his doing so be best for the southern white man. Every law placed in the Constitution of the United States was placed there to encourage and stimulate the highest citizenship. If the Negro is not stimulated and encouraged by just national laws and state laws to become the highest type of citizen, the result will be worse for the southern white man than for the Negro. Unless these Negroes are encouraged by just election laws to become taxpayers and intelligent producers, the white people will have an eternal millstone about their necks. Any subterfuge, any makeshift in the form of a law that gives the ignorant white man a right to express his wants at the ballot box and withholds the same right from the ignorant Negro is an injustice to both races. In most cases such laws give the Negro the incentive to become a voter by getting property and intelligence, but says to the white man, in so many words, Remain in ignorance and poverty, and a way will be found for you to exercise the franchise. No question is ever settled unless settled right, till settled in accordance with the absolute, immu-

table laws of justice.

Still more recently, when speaking to a large audience of white and colored people in the heart of the black belt at Uniontown, Ala., on the subject of lynching, he expressed himself as follows:

"The white people cannot be unjust to the Negro without reaping due punishment. We hear that there are counties and communities in Mississippi to-day that have their cotton lands in idleness, where a few years ago there were prosperity and wealth; there are few black hands to take the hoe or the plow or to drive the mule. This is true almost wholly because of the fact that the Negro has not been protected by the strong arm of the law. Without judge or jury, in many cases, he has been lynched or murdered. The people of the country might as well learn once for all that they cannot lynch the Negro in the winter and expect him to make cotton in the summer."

Aside from mere words, what has convinced the rank and file of the Negroes of the interest Mr. Washington has in all forms of education are his actions. Tuskegee gives employment to more Negro college graduates than any other educational institution in the world. There is no organization in the form of an educational institution that begins to approach the institute in encouraging young men and women to seek higher education by reason of the fact that it is known that at Tuskegee Mr. Washington is constantly on the lookout for men of the highest training in order that he may assist them and encourage them

through the giving of employment. For example, it is a well-known fact that every young colored man who distinguishes himself in a modern college and prepares himself for usefulness is immediately sought by Mr. Washington and given work at Tuskegee. The colored people see and thoroughly understand these things. It is known that the work at Tuskegee is along the line of agricultural, industrial, and technical training; it is also known and appreciated that a thorough course in academic training is given, and that Mr. Washington, while especially interested in industrial education for the masses, favors all kinds of education that will help to elevate the race along all lines. Notwithstanding his busy life in raising money for the Tuskegee institution, it is known by the masses of the race that almost wholly through his influence and advice Mr. Carnegie gave a library building only a few weeks ago to Wilberforce University, an institution that stands for the higher education of the race. Mr. Washington not only encourages higher education by talking for it, but what is more important, actively endorses it by deeds and constant support.

The difference between the principal of the Tuskegee Institute and some other would-be leaders of the race is that the interest Mr. Washington has in the race is in the form of action, and the interest of the would-be leaders is shown only in words and criticism.

FRED. R. MOORE.

New York City, June 11th, 1904.

[From the SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.]





## PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

### Colored Co-Operative Publishing Company

181 PEARL STREET  
New York

FRED. R. MOORE  
Publisher and General Manager

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE will hereafter be issued from the above address. The management appreciates the cordial support given it during its stay in Boston, and hopes for a larger measure of support now that it is located in the great Metropolis.

IT is our purpose to publish a magazine that shall record the doings of the race along material lines, and to demonstrate to mankind generally, that we are worthy to have the door of opportunity kept wide open for us as for other men. It is our desire to make the COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE a welcome visitor to the homes of the American people. Each month will find it knocking at your door, and the publisher hopes for it a cordial welcome.

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along this line. Our aim will be to please you and by doing this, the magazine will be sure of success,

THE reader will be glad to know that all of the mechanical work of construction connected with publishing the magazine has been done by members of the race exclusively,—make-up, printing, press-work and binding are the work of Afro-Americans. No other race magazine is the work of an entirely COLORED force. Give your opinion of our handiwork by sending in your subscription, and by advocating appreciation by the race of such work.

THE magazine will publish the news items of the National Negro Business League throughout the country, devoting two pages each month to this work.

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